

139
P O E M S

ON
DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

P O E M S

ON

DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

L O N D O N

Printed for T. BAKER, Corner of the Adelphi, in
the Strand; Bookseller to their Royal Highnesses
the Prince of Wales, Prince of Cambridge, Prince
Duke, and Prince Edward.

MDCCLXXVI.

P O E M S

O N

DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

239 k 22

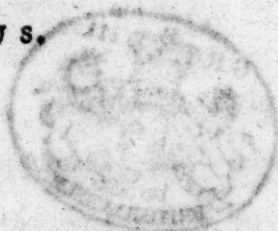
P O E M S

O N

K

DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

VACUI SUB UMBRA
LUSIMUS.



Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, Corner of the Adelphi, in
the Strand; Bookseller to their Royal Highnesses
the Prince of Wales, Bishop of Osnabrugh, Prince
William, and Prince Edward.

MDCCLXXVI.

P O E M S

ON

DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

YACUI AND UMBRA



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BAKER, Corner of the Adelphi, in
the Strand; Bookseller to their Royal Highnesses
the Prince of Wales, Bishop of Osnabrugh, Prince
William, and Prince Edward.

MDCCLXXXV.

P O E M S

To ****, with the following Poem.

AN idle verse, essay'd in early age,
 That dares, too bold, the vanities arraign
 Of the gay, lovely fair, fues to engage
 Thy gentle ear, O, Delia! with its strain.
 O! blest with beauty, but whose noblest sway,
 Just sense, pure honour, softest manners found,
 The wanton Muse, with her presumptuous lay,
 Would vainly strive thy solid praise to wound.

B

Whilst

Whilst the gay Tulips of thy race maintain,
 Thro' a short space their name and honours vain,
 Slighted, when spring and summer's rays are past;
 Unwounded by the ravages of time,
 Thy graces bloom to know a longer prime,
 Nor dread chill winter and his icy blast.

C L A R I N D A:

O R,

The T U L I P.

THE sun now shone with evening ray,
 The skies were bright, the fields were gay,
 Each bank was flowery, and the gale
 Of zephyr stole along the vale.
 By the banks of winding Thame,
 Where twining trees an arbour frame,
 Whose boughs with Woodbine hung among,
 The earliest birds renew their song,

Was

Was the fair Clarinda seen,
 Reposing on a grass-bank green,
 Oft has the Thames beheld fair maids
 Laid on his bank in bowery shades,
 Or seated in the barge that glides
 To gentle music thro' his tides,
 But never Thames in secret haunt
 Of shady bower where woodbines haunt,
 Nor yet in barge whose oary feet
 Move to the sounds of music sweet,
 Has seen a nymph, with youthful air,
 Fairer than Clarinda fair.

But from the green bower where she lay
 The virgin markt the flowers of May,
 Which to her sight the garden spread,
 Waving with many a purple head;
 Apart, or rising in thick rank,
 In covert, or on sunny bank.
 The gay Auricula she views
 Her painted leaf with dust that strews,

Hyacinth in blood embrew'd
 Of hero bold ; Jonquil endu'd
 With fragrant breath ; Narcissus pale,
 Of sorrow that records a tale ;
 The families of Pinks, and mixt
 The Polyanthus bright betwixt.

But most the nymph delighted saw,
 Displaying hues that well might draw
 The eye of maid, the splendid row
 Of Tulips, now in brightest blow.
 Beside a bank where wildly grew
 Stately Cypress, darker Yew,
 Where waving stood the Laurel grove,
 And Eglantine with Lilac strove,
 Stretcht by the river, in long lines,
 A blooming bed of Tulips shines.
 Bright was each Tulip by the wave,
 That to the breeze its gay head gave,
 But far surpassing all the rest,
 In gayest-colour'd mantle drest,

Not

Not from the Laurels far was seen
 One Tulip, of her tribe the queen.
 Than this no brighter flower e'er sprung
 In seats which oft the muse has sung,
 To delight the lovely maid,
 In the green vale of Tempé laid;
 Than this no brighter flower e'er spread
 Near winding Thames its purple head,
 To delight the fairer dame
 Laid in the matchless vale of Thame.
 Her glances oft Clarinda threw
 Where this peerless Tulip grew,
 Then to the gale that whispers round
 These accents gave, with gentle sound.

" Tulip, deckt with colours rare,
 " What gay flower may with thine compare?
 " The courtly nymph delights to gaze,
 " On the radiant diamond's blaze,
 " Or with admiring look beholds
 " The ray that lucid pearl unfolds;

" Nor less thy leaf delights my sight,
 " Waving with all its colours bright;
 " And yet, why should thy leaf remain
 " To bloom on dewy bank in vain?
 " The diamond sparkles in the hair,
 " Or lovely bosom of the fair;
 " The pearly rows conspire to deck
 " The snowy whiteness of the neck,
 " O! come, then, and a virgin grace,
 " Brightest of the Tulip race."

She said, and rises from the grass,
 With light foot thro' the flowers to pass,
 Light as the gale that summer sends,
 When scarce the Cowslip's head it bends;
 And now the humid bank she treads,
 Where its gay leaf the Tulip spreads.
 Thrice she stretcht forth her hand to crop
 From the green stalk the flowery top;
 Thrice did some power unseen restrain
 Her tender hand stretcht forth in vain;

But

But is there power that may withstand
 Long a fair nymph, with virgin hand;
 The envied flower she now attains,
 Nor yet the leaf alone she gains;
 But ah! why should a gentle maid
 With touch so rude the flowers invade,
 She plucks too rashly from its bed
 The root which that fair Tulip fed:
 The root with careless hand she throws
 To perish where the Laurel grows;
 But in her breast, where dwell the Graces,
 The bloomy leaf with care she places.
 O! Tulip, happy shall he be,
 Who may that bosom touch like thee!

The sun shoots mild rays thro' the grove,
 On lightest wing the Zephyrs rove
 Thro' whispering trees; the Blackbird shrill,
 And Thrush the wood with warblings fill.
 Clarinda scarce her limbs reposes,
 When sleep, soft power, her eye-lids closes.

The warbling birds, the whispering trees,
 Steal from her ear by slow degrees
 Their dying sounds away, 'till bound
 In pleasing chains, she prest the ground:
 And now it was when dreams repair
 To sooth at eve the slumbering fair,
 That softly whispering in her ear,
 Clarinda seem'd a voice to hear,
 Whose sound the virgin not before
 Had heard, on hill or breezy shore.
 Soft was the whisper, like the strain
 Sometimes heard by simple swain,
 Who haply slumbers near the streams
 Silver'd o'er with moonlight gleams,
 Where with her train the Fairy Queen
 Delights to sport upon the green.
 And now the nymph began to show
 A rising blush of deeper glow;
 And now beneath the flowery leaves
 Her snowy bosom faster heaves,
 While the voice unknown, with breath
 More sweet than is the fragrant wreath,

Stole these accents to her ear,
Nor did the passing zephyr hear.

“ Along the green bank art thou laid,
Sunk in balmy sleep, O maid !
Lull'd by the whispering gales, and song
Of tuneful birds the boughs among ;
Yet nor the tuneful birds, nor sound
Of whispering gales that pant around,
Thy senses would in slumbers bind,
Lovely nymph of gentle mind.
If now thy tender bosom thought,
What mighty ills thy hand has wrought,
Since this green toft beheld thee pass,
With hasty tread along the grass.
Alas ! why did the breath of May,
Invite thee near the Thames to stray ?
Alas ! why wast thou led to haunt
This arbour where the Blackbirds chaunt ?

Would'st thou know, O nymph ! that hear
These plaintive strains with wond'ring ear ;

Would'st

Wouldst thou know why in sad strains
 Of thee my feeble voice complains !
 Then while the sun goes down the west,
 And zephyrs breath prolongs thy rest,
 Mixt with the notes of Blackbird sweet,
 Attend a soft strain not unmeet
 The ear of gentle nymph to take,
 Slumb'ring, or in green bower awake.

Hast thou not heard what oft of old,
 In sacred strains the muse has told ?
 The Muse has told, O ! gentle fair,
 That in each tree, which high in air
 Waves its green head, on plain or hill,
 By silent lake or murmuring rill,
 Enshrined, sits a nymph like thee,
 The guardian of the waving tree,
 Who in the trunk delights to lie
 Unseen, save by the Muse's eye.
 Such nymph nor spreading Plantane wants,
 Nor sturdy Oak his foot that plants

Rude

Rude cliffs between, nor Cedar, prime
 Of stateliest trees, nor flowering Lime,
 Whose scents the grove with fragrance fill,
 Nor Pine that loves the naked hill.
 Soon as each tender tree is seen,
 Aspiring from the grassy green,
 Within its secret trunk a maid
 Of pure ethereal frame is laid;
 She to her charge the young plant takes,
 Nor e'er its swelling trunk forsakes,
 'Till by slow time, consuming all,
 Or by fierce flames the green tree fall;
 Or woodman, with his sturdy blow,
 Has laid the towering forest low:
 Then the sad nymph forsakes the groves,
 And thro' the sky reluctant roves.

Nor yet these guardian nymphs in vain,
 Within the waving trees remain;
 In vain would kindly suns and showers,
 Strive with green leaves to deck the bowers,

If

If kindly suns and showers to aid,
 There dwelt not in each tree a maid.
 She marks when earliest in the spring
 The gentle zephyr spreads his wing,
 And as they softly sweep the vales,
 Catches the breath of summer gales :
 She marks the pale ray of the moon,
 The golden beam which flies at noon,
 And dewy showers which evening sheds,
 Or purple morn on Primrose beds,
 Taught from each Heavenly beam to draw
 Virtues rare by sacred law ;
 And from the deep-cast root to guide
 Thro' the green trunk the juicy tide.
 Thus by the wholesome culture drest,
 Of nymphs that in their bosom rest,
 The trees their leafy tresses wear,
 And all their various honours bear.
 Hawthorns blossom ; on the shore
 The Poplars weep their precious store ;
 The Vine displays her purple grape
 On sunny wall ; in spiry shape

Grows

Grows the tall Fir, and Forests brown
Wave high, the mountain's side to crown.

Thus oft the tuneful Muse of old,
Of nymphs that dwell in trees has told ;
Nor let a gentle maid refuse
To trust the lay of tuneful Muse.
But now let birds with sweetest sound,
Entice soft sleep to hover round,
Whilst with a strain thy ear I fill,
Which never from her sacred hill
The Muse has uttered on sweet lyre,
The thought of poet to inspire.

When genial spring the year renews,
Fair flowers arise, Iris all hues ;
Primrose that not from cold will shrink,
The Daffodil and spotted Pink ;
The summer sun Carnation meets,
Tuberoſe fraught with odorous sweets,
And bending to the breezes oft
Lilies that rear their heads aloft.

On

On these, O ! nymph, and every flower,
 That drinks the dew, or falling shower,
 In open lawn or bowery maze,
 Thou 'custom'd oft hast been to gaze ;
 But has it yet to thee been told
 What inmates soft the gay flowers hold ?
 Ah ! not alone the tree that shoots
 Deep into central earth its roots,
 While on its green head rest the clouds,
 A nymph within its covert shrouds.
 Know that each flower which to the spring
 Delights its early scents to fling,
 Or which the summer gale displays,
 Ling'ring thro' autumn's milder days,
 Carnation that by happier lot
 In garden blooms in curious knot ;
 Or Harebell, that in fields unknown,
 With gaudy Columbine is blown ;
 Within its cup, in tender folds,
 Unseen, a gentle virgin holds ;
 Whose purer frame and cares agree,
 With those of nymph in waving tree.

Vainly

Vainly thinks the youth forlorn,
 Whose lonely foot a path has worn
 Thro' moonlight glades, where his sad strain
 Tells of some coy nymph's cold disdain;
 That the pale moon, that sits above,
 Alone has heard his tale of love.
 Where'er, with wand'ring step, he treads
 Primrose banks or daizied meads,
 In all the flowers around him blown,
 Soft nymphs there are, unseen, unknown,
 That listen his sad voice to hear,
 Complaining of the fair one dear.
 Nor yet unpitying in the vale,
 Hear these nymphs the lover's tale:
 Oft as thy heaving breast, fond swain,
 In broken sighs pours forth its pain,
 Oft as the falling tears declare,
 Bedewing thy pale cheek, thy care,
 The nymphs, in flowery banks that lie,
 With sighs and tears to thee reply,
 Accusing in their secret thought,
 The fair whose pride thy woe has wrought.

And

And little the vain florist knows,
 Who marks with pride his flowery rows,
 Little knows he to whose care
 He owes each flower of texture rare.
 What tho' along the sunny bank,
 Carnation he, or Crocus rank;
 What tho' he bathe the thirsty flowers,
 At noon or eve with timely showers,
 How little would his skill have gain'd,
 Unless each flower a nymph contain'd?
 She bids the bursting gem unfold,
 The leaf she dyes with streaks of gold,
 And liberal on the flower she flings,
 Scents stole from zephyr's dewy wings.
 These are the labours of her days,
 Nor from her soft abode she strays,
 Till haply the frail flower, at last,
 Uprooted from its bed is cast,
 Or nipt by frost 'midst wintry gloom,
 No more in genial spring to bloom;
 Then the sad nymph her flower forsakes,
 And thro' the sky her flow flight takes.

O!

O ! hast thou seen the flowers of May,
 Nor thought that nymphs these flowers array ?
 Go, mark the garden in its pride ;
 Go, mark the lonely fountain's side ;
 With Pink, or Cowslip wild beset,
 Violet, or Pansy freak'd with jet.
 Then as thy eyes admiring trace,
 The beauties of the flowery race,
 Whose scents and hues of various light,
 No tuneful Muse may tell aright ;
 Whose ranks the busy florists strain,
 To part in kindred tribes in vain ;
 O ! say, what power could thus supply,
 The leaf, the stem, the various dye,
 Save the nice art, and fancy fine,
 Of nymph with genius like to thine ?

Nor ask, why on the flowery row,
 Each matchless hue the nymphs bestow,
 Alike all female bosoms share
 The care of beauty, pleasing care !

The virgin of thy race is blest,
 By whom are brighter charms possess'd;
 Ruby lip, or dimpled cheek,
 Where to abide the Graces seek;
 And much inclines she to admire,
 Rich ornaments, and vain attire,
 Delighted her soft limbs to fold,
 In filken mantle wove with gold;
 And borrowing lustre from the glow
 Of diamond, or the pearly row,
 Nor less the virgin in her flower,
 Is sway'd by beauty, pleasing power!
 She joys beneath the summer skies,
 With colours which her skill supplies;
 Azure or crimson, purple, gold,
 A flower, gay sprinkled, to unfold;
 Blest, if the soft leaf, where she dwells,
 In shape, or curious dye, excels:
 Blest, if amidst her kindred train,
 The prize of beauty she may gain,
 For this the flowery sisters vie,
 And every art inventive try;

For

For this each little bosom burns,
 And hopes, exults, and fears, by turns,
 Thus by the fond ambition drest,
 Of nymphs that beauty's praise contest,
 In garden, or in forest walk,
 Fair flowers arise on tender stalk,
 With thousand various colours wrought,
 As fancy prompts the virgin's thought.
 From the gay goddess of the dawn,
 Crocus her saffron robe has drawn;
 The Star-flower purple rays surround;
 More bright Anemonies are found,
 In vest of scarlet hue to flame,
 Nor Gold-flower bears in vain her name;
 Carnation loves with simple white
 Tints more vivid to unite;
 The Roses blush, and by their side,
 Lilly is drest like virgin bride.

But of the nymphs that dwell in flowers,
 By lake or spring, in lawns or bowers,

Most the care of beauty sways,
 Thro' anxious nights and busy days,
 The sisters who their limbs recline,
 Where the gay leaves of Tulips shine.
 O ! hast thou not, fair nymph, repos'd,
 Where Tulips proud their state disclos'd,
 With wond'ring eye the bright ranks trac'd,
 Waving, with rich profusion grac'd,
 Of colours, that conspiring shed,
 A glory round the Tulip bed,
 Whilst every painted flower is drest,
 In hues still vary'd from the rest ?
 Pride of the garden, when array'd,
 With all its bloomy tribes display'd,
 In lustre of gay mingling dyes,
 And colours varying as they rise,
 Surpassing all the flowery crew,
 The peerless Tulips drink the dew.
 The contests of a virgin train,
 The praise of beauty to attain,
 Profusely on the Tulip row,
 Bestow those matchless tints, whose glow

May

May well the splendid sapphire shame,
 Or chrysolite, or ruby's flame ;
 Nor yet in princely bower, I ween,
 Where oft the splendid rank is seen,
 Of nymphs that with each other vie,
 In graces dazzling to the eye,
 More jealousies, O maid, abound,
 Than in each Tulip-bed are found ;
 Where virgins in the bloomy rank,
 Contend along the sunny bank,
 Who may of colours, that delight,
 Obtain the prime to charm the sight.

Softly blow, ye gales of May,
 To aid the nymphs that now display,
 In a gay robe of colours fair
 Their Tulips to the balmy air ;
 And thou, to whom my lays unfold
 This simple tale, no more behold,
 With undiscerning eyes in vain,
 The brightest of the flowery train.

Oft as the Tulips draw thy look,
 Gently by the zephyrs shooke,
 Unfolding in their borders bright,
 Each hue of many-colour'd light;
 That little race unseen admire,
 Whose hands have labour'd to attire,
 In splendid vests, the shining row,
 And taught a thousand tints to glow;
 And as thy words, with praises due,
 The virgins happy skill pursue,
 Along the green slope musing laid,
 Oft picture in thy thought, O! maid,
 The mighty combats that they wage,
 Their rivalships and secret rage;
 Whilst emulous the leaf within,
 The gayest colour'd robe to win,
 The sisters try each powerful art,
 And hues of new device impart.

O! nymph, let not thy gentle ear,
 This artless tale mistrustful hear;

Nor

Nor think that the whole strains unfold,
 The cares of maids whom soft flowers hold,
 Has been unconscious of the care
 Which all the flowery sisters share.
 Of that small race, unseen, who lye
 In purple flowers, a nymph was I;
 Nor unregarded did I dwell,
 In Violet in the lonely dell,
 Or Cowslip low of small renown;
 Whose yellow flowers the meadow crown.
 But where the bloomy garden opes
 Its flowery pride, and gently slopes
 Its walks, the banks of Thames to grace;
 I in a Tulip held my place,
 Of nymphs among the prime confest,
 Of that gay train who most confest
 The praise of tints, and garden rare,
 Deck with bright flowers beyond compare.

Hast thou forgot when evening tide,
 Led thee to seek the Thames' cool side,

How in these flowery knots thy look,
 A Tulip gently waving took ?
 Hast thou forgot how in its prime,
 That Tulip, O ! lament the crime,
 Thy hand uprooted from its place,
 Thy bosom with its leaf to grace ?
 In that fair Tulip, whose bright dye
 Thy look attracted, laid was I ;
 The nymph who had its leaf display'd,
 And every vivid tint pourtray'd ;
 Thrice happy in my mansion gay,
 Till wayward fates thee led to stray,
 The silver streams of Thames beside,
 To mark the garden in its pride,
 And snatch, untimely from its bed
 The root which my fair Tulip fed,
 Then to the passing zephyrs cast
 Into the fleeting air I past.

Then ask not why I thee address,
 With soft complaint when laid at rest :

How

Thou

Thou hast not known how I had strove,
 That leaf to weave, so finely wove,
 Or how with conscious worth elate,
 Within the waving flower I sate.
 Now little 'vails the plaintive strain,
 Yet, O! indulgent to my pain,
 While on this bank thy limbs are cast,
 And slumber seals thy eye-lids fast,
 Hear me awhile, in artless lays,
 Relate the labours of my days;
 Nor yet these labours let the pride
 Of the courtly dame deride.
 What tho', O! nymph of matchless grace,
 Far nobler is thy lovely race,
 Than is the race of nymphs that dwell
 Within the flowers of balmy smell;
 What tho' no leaf of dewy rose,
 A blush like to thy cheek disclose,
 Nor may the breath of Jasmine fair,
 Or Woodbine with thy breath compare;
 Yet if the cares aright I tell,
 And joys with which our bosoms swell,

Thou, in our kind, wilt haply trace,
The passions of thy nobler race.

Soon as the wintry storms retir'd,
With powerful love of beauty fir'd,
I rose, these labours to begin,
Which praise to beautiful Tulips win:
I lay not in soft ease repos'd,
When dewy eve the Violets clos'd;
Nor would the sway of slumber brook,
When tuneful Larks their nests forsook.
Earliest my prayers I renew
To mild Aurora dropping dew;
To zephyr sitting thro' the green,
And Flora of our race the queen.
But of my toils why shouldst thou hear,
In strains ill-suited to thy ear?
Think what cares possess the mind
Of some fair virgin of thy kind,
When she on mighty triumphs bent,
Each rival to outshine intent,

Thou

Sits

Sits at her toilette to pursue
 Thro' the long hours the labours due,
 Studious each powerful grace to seek,
 'Till brighter blushes paint her cheek,
 'Till keener rays her glances arm,
 And beauty puts on every charm;
 Then may'st thou know my care and thought,
 Whilst with ambitious toil I fought,
 Among the nymphs of Tulip line,
 The first in matchless flower to shine,

At length, unfolded by my hands,
 In summer pride my Tulip stands.
 Fair are the Lillies, Violets blue,
 And yellow is the Cowslip's hue;
 The Hyacinth opens purple tints,
 But every various dye that prints,
 The mingled flowers of garland sweet,
 In my bright leaf was seen to meet.
 Now Flora as she trod the lawn,
 Would oft draw near at early dawn,

To praise the colours of the flower;
 Now every Naiad from her bower,
 My Tulip in its bloom would name
 The brightest on the banks of Thame.
 But by the wave, and on each bank,
 Where Tulips wave in shining rank,
 Each rival maid in grief reclin'd
 Her head, and with dark envy pin'd.

O ! did thy eye, while thro' the grove,
 Thy eye was free at large to rove,
 With withering leaf a Tulip mark,
 Waving near a Cypress dark ?
 The painted robe of many dyes,
 Worn by Iris in the skies,
 Resplendent once that Tulip wore ;
 But now, alas ! it wears no more.
 Yet not pale age, or beating storm,
 Bereft that Tulip of its form.
 Its filken leaf a virgin wove,
 Who long with rival pride had strove,

Amidst

Amidst the bloomy tribes to shine,
 In mantle gay surpassing mine :
 From every flower in summer seen,
 She knew to draw bright tints, I ween ;
 And mix these tints with fancy new,
 Yet vain were all the arts she knew :
 These banks that saw the rival fair,
 These banks beheld her dire despair,
 When the contested prize to me,
 The nymphs of Flora's train decree.
 No longer then the maid forlorn,
 Would strive her Tulip to adorn ;
 But sad she sate the live-long day,
 Sighing to the gales that stray,
 And from her leaf regardless saw,
 Untimely each bright tint withdraw ;
 'Till drooping the shrunk flower retains
 Of former beauty no remains.

But how, in fit strains, shall I tell,
 The joys that now my bosom swell ?

O! think, for thee each joy possést,
 By conscious beauty, nymph, has blest,
 What pleasures to thy share then fall,
 At glittering court, or splendid ball;
 Thy dress by fancy's hand compos'd,
 Each wonder of thy face disclos'd;
 When round thy steps, in silken dress,
 A train of bright admirers press,
 Who on thy looks, in soft amaze,
 With silent adoration gaze;
 Or thro' the circle spread thy name,
 'Till the long rooms resound thy fame,
 Whilst each fair rival strives in vain
 To win one follower from thy train,
 And blushes quick, and frowns declare,
 Her discontent, and hidden care;
 O! think what pleasures then possess
 Thy youthful bosom, nymph, and guess
 What mighty joys my breast delight,
 Joys never to be told aright,
 When 'mid the Tulip rows confest,
 My Tulip shines above the rest.

Now

Now on each gay flower, as it shook,
 I cast a proud disdainful look,
 And long, I said, my leaf should stand,
 The glory of the flowery band.
 O! beauty, that still entertain
 Delusive hopes, and prospects vain,
 Elated with thy present state,
 But blind, alas! to future fate!
 In vain each wiser nymph whom age,
 And thought mature, had rendered sage,
 In leaf with simple colours pranked,
 Beside the Yew or Myrtle rankt,
 Reprov'd my rising pride, and told,
 What transient hues the flowers unfold.
 In vain the sober train relate,
 In serious mood, the wrath of fate,
 That oft the shower of beasting rain
 Bends the gay Tulip to the plain;
 That oft the painted leaf is torn
 By youthful maid, who roves at morn:
 Or if the rains no ills prepare,
 And roving maid the leaf shall spare,

That

That soon, alas! too envious time
 Must snatch the Tulip from its prime.
 The serious strain of sober age,
 May not my careless ear engage.
 Still of my youthful bloom aware,
 Intent on conquest, I prepare
 Each gay variety to try
 Of hues fresh beauties to supply,
 And meditate, with long forecast,
 To add new triumphs to the past:
 Alas! unheeding of mischance,
 That now the winged hours advance,
 When ruin on my head impends,
 And all my boasted glory ends.

When last her dews Aurora shed,
 A nymph beside yon Violet bed,
 Aspiring to my fame, displays
 Her Tulip to the morning rays.
 The gay leaf parts in many streaks;
 The nymphs admire it as it breaks;

Each

Each colour of high price they deem,
 But most one purple tint esteem,
 Of which the nymph was passing proud,
 Stol'n from the skirt of fleecy cloud,
 On which, descending to the West,
 The sun his golden beam imprest.
 To gain that colour I aspire,
 Which all the flowery race admire;
 Each art, by custom taught, I try;
 Nor when the sun ascends the sky,
 Nor when with noon-tide beam he shines,
 My busy hand its tasks declines.
 The flowery nymphs forget their care,
 And all our eager contest share.
 The sun now shoots his evening rays,
 And now the leaf my toils repays.
 I see the envied colour dawn
 More vivid on my gay flower drawn:
 My praise the Tulip-bed resounds,
 Sorrow the rival-fair confounds;
 I sit elate with fond delight,
 When, lo! O mark the fell despight

D

Of

Of fate too envious of my flower?
 Led by the zephyr's balmy power,
 To this green arbour to repair,
 With eager hand and threat'ning air,
 I see thee, hostile nymph, draw near,
 And tremble with prophetic fear.

But need I in sad measure tell
 The dire disaster that befell?
 O hapless chance, that beauty shares,
 Whose brightest lustre but ensnares,
 And oft the fair, in careless days,
 To ruin unforeseen betrays!
 Happy, thrice happy, had I been,
 If in dark cell, or glade unseen,
 Fast by some lonely fountain's side,
 Far from the garden's bloomy pride,
 The Cowslip, or of balmy smell
 The Violet low had been my cell.
 What tho' beside the lonely brook,
 My humble flower had drawn no look

Of village swains, or nymphs that pass,
 Printing with early feet the grass,
 Still had I in the green vale blest
 The Cowslip's fragrant lap possess.
 Now from the flowery border thrown,
 Thro' the wide fields of air unknown,
 I go an exile sad to stray,
 And quit the bloomy banks of May;
 Yet wheeling oft my airy flight
 Around this bed of Tulips bright,
 Where still fond fancy may retrace
 My triumphs in the flowery space.

But thou, O nymph, whose fatal power,
 Has cast a virgin from her flower,
 Be not with thoughtless joy elate,
 Nor shut thy eyes to future fate;
 For thou, my honours snatcht away,
 Tho' late, with certain price shalt pay.
 Fair tho' thou art, that now possess
 All charms that loveliest nymph can bless,

The flower of short uncertain date,
 Is the just emblem of thy state;
 And tho' no hapless chance deface,
 With sudden stroke, thy matchless grace,
 Yet these hard laws shall seize ev'n thee,
 To beauty which the fates decree.
 Long by the young and gay desir'd,
 Long in each shining scene admir'd;
 Yet thou, fair nymph, must pass thy prime,
 And reach at length that hated time,
 When all thy graces in decay,
 So fate ordains, shall fade away;
 When from thy cheek the rose must fall,
 Nor can thy tears its bloom recall.
 Then younger nymphs with half that grace,
 Which now adorns that lovely face,
 Shall in the courtly circle shine,
 And claim each honour lately thine;
 While thou, unseen, must pass along
 Neglected, in the splendid throng,
 Slighted as is the flower that fades,
 When autumn pale the year invades.

But

But now the sun the skies forsakes,
 And thee the ruder breeze awakes.
 Farewell, yet when, thy slumbers past,
 Thy eyes on these bright leaves are cast,
 That to thy mind my fate recall,
 Nymph, let some drops of pity fall.
 And, O ! within the grove retir'd,
 If by thy radiant eye inspir'd,
 Some youth, whose tender muse essays
 Her trembling voice in tuneful lays,
 Shall of a Tulip-nymph unfold,
 The story to thy ear now told ;
 Then when the Tulips perish all
 Of nymphs that triumph in my fall,
 Haply my purple flower again
 May lift its head above the plain,
 And still in song its leaf be seen
 The brightest on the summer green.
 Sweet to my ear, as thro' the grove,
 Borne in the passing breeze I rove,
 Sweet to my ear shall be the song,
 Sung the gay banks of Thames along.

O D E

O D E

O N

St. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

O ye whom most the Muses bless,
 Who chief the sacred gift possess,
 By music's power to charm;
 Now call ye forth each tuneful strain,
 Now bid soft breathing flutes complain,
 And trumpets loud alarm.
 Cecilia, fainted maid, demands,
 That on this day, the lute and lyre,
 Just tribute from the tuneful bands,
 In noblest symphonies conspire;
 And stooping softly from the sky,
 Cecilia, in this hallowed time,
 Will not her powerful aid deny,
 To swell the song with airs sublime.

But,

But, hark ! what strains of minstrelsy arise ?

The lutes and lyres their voice confound,

While notes of more than mortal sound

Gain gently on the skies.

O, sounds with ravishment that take the ear !

Cecilia, Nymph divine, is near,

The mistress of the tuneful quire,

These heavenly numbers to inspire.

O yet ye winds each ruder breath delay,

While now the queen of song prepares

Her store of sweetly varied airs,

To consecrate the day.

II.

First the voice of warbling flutes,

With soft notes the skies salutes,

And the music glides away

In a measure light and gay.

Flow, sweet numbers, that beguile

Wrinkled care and melancholly,

That bid youthful fancy smile,

And inspire a pleasing folly.

Whither am I led along?
 Can the music of the song,
 This soft delusion bring?

Thro' the groves I seem to stray,
 Thro' the groves of pleasant May,
 Where the sweet birds sing.

An happy swain,
 I tread the plain,
 And sport along the vale;
 By murmuring streams,
 That sooth to dreams,
 I catch the whispering gale.

Shepherds blow their pipes around me,
 Secret shades,
 Sunny glades,

Opening lawns and dales confound me.

Let my brows with flowers be bound,

Let me trace the woodlands round,

While to my strain,

Each hill and plain,

The praises of the nymphs resound.

III.

III.

But notes of loftier music now succeed ;
Farewel the plain and shepherds reed.

Hark ! the trumpet awakes

All its martial sounds,

'Till our echoing bounds,

The loud clangor shakes.

Now swells a bold strain to rouse warlike rage ;

When glory incites us the battle to wage,

Who shall delay

Her call to obey,

Who shuns in the strife to engage ?

Resound, O ye trumpets, these martial alarms,

'Till the youth whom love detains,

In inglorious chains,

Shall rush forth an hero in arms.

O ! notes of wild tumult, that bear all around

The loud din of war in your hoarse swelling sound.

The dire ranks of battle, now, rush on my fight ;

I stand where fierce hosts are array'd for the fight ;

Lo,

Lo, squadrons that shake the keen lance,
In arms shining afar,
Mighty chiefs rush to war,
And boldly their ensigns advance.
Now in fight they conspire,
Now the fierce battle burns,
Now they press, now retire,
As the tide of war turns.
With long shouts redoubled the fight they maintain,
And high deeds of valour are wrought in the plain,
Whilst aspiring to crown
Their brows with renown,
All perils and death they disdain.

IV.

The trumpet's breath hath spent its martial rage;
Let softer measures next engage.
O! hear what notes so sad and slow,
Are these beginning now to flow,
Shook from the strings of trembling lutes,
And breathing deep from soft complaining flutes?

O!

O! lute, that note of sorrow,
 Whence hast thou power to borrow?
 Thro' dark and dreary plains I seem to go,
 Where uttering mournful strains of woe,

A tender female train

Lament the youths in battle dead,
 And sadly fighting bow the head,

And call upon the slain.

And now I cast my eyes around,
 Where fallen warriors press the ground:

And now I hear the wailing throng,
 Their soft complainings breath along:

“O! Heroes, brave in vain,

By the dire rage of wasting war,

Far from your native fields, Oh! far,

In flower of youth untimely slain.

Forfaken on a dreary shore,

Our hapless fortune, we deplore.”

The tender mother, in a last embrace,

Clasps her pale son with fruitless anguish;

The nymphs with tears bedews the clay-cold face,

Doom'd o'er a lover's corpse to languish.

Oh!

Oh ! let the stubborn heart of pride,
 Relent in soft and tender thought,
 Her spear let mad ambition hide,
 And weep the wrongs her bloody hand has wrought.

V.

But chearful sounds ascending ring,
 Our sorrows to dispel ;
 Light notes are swept from trembling string,
 While bolder strains, the trumpets bring,
 That in gay transport swell.
 Now loudly resounds the full quire ;
 Pale grief, with thy sad train, retire ;
 Exulting and gay,
 The notes sweep away,
 And with gladness our bosoms inspire.
 Now bright scenes are rising around,
 Whilst echo redoubles this song ;
 I stand in some fair city's bound,
 Where with joyful acclaim and glad sound,
 A triumph is passing along.

Elate

Elate in his high car of pride,
 I see the fam'd conqueror ride ;
 Deck'd with glittering spoils,
 The reward of their toils,
 His martial bands press at his side.
 Around, the admiring crouds throng,
 The hero victorious to greet,
 And now thro' each echoing street,
 Resounds the full joy of their song.
 " Give honour and praise to the brave,
 Whose valour their country can save :
 Our enemies, late our dismay,
 Are fled from our plains with affright,
 The battle no more to array ;
 Their heroes are slain in the fight.
 With laurels now crown our brave band,
 The dance and the banquet restore ;
 Our enemies fight in their land,
 But gladness resounds on our shore.
 Give honour and praise to the brave,
 Whose valour their country can save."

VI.

The joyous tumult of the notes subsides :
 In sober lays the music glides,
 And now the lyre prepares,
 A strain that mildly flows along,
 Gentle, yet without tumult strong,
 Soft, yet not wanton airs.
 This is the measure, whose blest notes assuage
 The boiling of tumultuous rage,
 That bids the soul to better aims incline,
 And bow at virtue's awful shrine.
 Virtue ! bright celestial maid,
 Now to thee our vows are paid :
 Now we burn with thy pure fires,
 Whilst each baser thought retires,
 Charmed by this sacred measure,
 Wild desire, vain hope, vain pleasure,
 Mirth unholy, fierce debate,
 Crooked guile, and sullen hate,
 Virtue ! nymph of race divine,
 Now our souls entire are thine.

And

And now, whilst sacred thought these strains incite,

By mortals seldom seen,

Lo! virtue, sovereign queen,

With heavenly look advances to our sight,

O! holy nymph, whose gentle grace

Proclaims the friend of human race.

On heaven her eyes still fixing bright,

On earth yet shedding fairer light,

Her hand the sceptre waxing slow,

Her garments white in simple show,

Nor nicely coy, nor loosely vain,

In easy pride she sweeps the plain.

Around her all the graces play,

Meekness, charming rage away,

Calm delight,

Truth rob'd in white,

Content that pain and care beguiles,

Innocence with infant smiles,

And blooming hope for ever gay.

O! glorious vision, O! enchanting lyre,

Whose sweet accords to raise this scene conspire.

VII.

What charming strains to bless our mortal bounds,
 Has fair Cecilia lent with matchless art?
 And yet, O! nymph divine, thy noblest sounds,
 Remain a higher rapture to impart.
 Hark, the soft organ lifts its voice on high,
 And now with notes resounding long,
 While the full quire sustains the song,
 A solemn strain possesses all the sky;
 Of matchless power, our breasts to swell
 With holy joy, and from her secret cell
 To call devotion to inspire,
 Each trembling bosom with religious fire.
 O! awful notes! this is the solemn song,
 Which the high host of angels pour along,
 Like to deep thunders, or the sound
 Of mighty waters, vast, profound.
 No mortal bounds our spirits now can hold;
 Farewell, O! earth! ye skies your gates unfold;

I see,

I see, I see that land beyond the skies,
 Where cherubims with holy sound
 The throne of heav'ns high king surround,
 Where seraphs sing with voice that never dies.
 Hail happy fields! seats of the blest,
 Who here from mortal warfare rest;
 Ambrosial founts, where pleasures pure,
 Rejoicing spirits quaff secure;
 Fair vales by pious feet still trod;
 Hail, happy mansions, courts of God.
 And now I hear the lofty song of praise,
 Which with full voice, the bands of seraphs raise.
 "Resound, ye angels! O! resound his name,
 Whom not the spacious heav'n of heavens contains,
 Who first from darkness drew the mighty frame,
 Who to the starry host their course ordains.
 Resound, ye angels! O! his name resound,
 Whose throne eternal truth and goodness found."
 O! heavenly notes! O! lend to me the lyre,
 Ye angels, ministers of praise!
 That my weak accents may conspire,
 The solemn symphony with you to raise.

VIII.

But soon, too soon these heavenly scenes retire ;
 Alas ! why sink our feeble souls again ?
 That sound has ceas'd which bad the soul aspire,
 Their tuneful breath the organs now restrain.
 And now Cecilia, queen of song,
 Whose notes have blest our bounds so long,
 This last and solemn service paid,
 Of sweetly-grave religious airs,
 From mortal bands withdraws her aid,
 And to the starry sphere repairs.
 O ! let our grateful thanks with measure due
 The heavenly virgin still pursue.
 And ye the chief who haunt the Muses hill,
 To fair Cecilia oft your praise renew,
 And in your songs admire that matchless skill,
 Which sacred sounds, first from the organ drew.
 As fair Cecilia, heavenly maid,
 Entranc'd in holy dream was laid,

'Tis

'Tis sung that angels oft were near,
 Who blest with heavenly forms her sight,
 And oft their sweet harps would delight
 With note of heavenly song her ear.
 Cecilia mark'd the music of their lyres,
 And bad the long-resounding organ blow,
 In notes which from seraphic quires,
 She drew to raise our hymns below.
 Amaz'd, we hear the lofty song,
 That fills the sacred courts above ;
 Our swelling bosoms glow with holy love,
 We mount the skies, and join the angelic throng.

O D E II.

O Thames with chrystal face,
 Whose waters visit as they stray
 The hamlets, where the shepherds play,
 And seats that princes grace,
O Thames, still let me by thy stream,
 Waste life away in pleasing dream.

Not where thy wave beside,
 The city rears her turrets proud,
 And the mad tumult of the croud
 Resounds along thy tide,
O ! let not there my youth pursue
 False joys that sober age will rue.

Nor

Nor where thy bank along,
 Some princely villa crowns the plain,
 Whose gilded halls the glittering train
 Of courtly flatterers throng,
 O see me not there by thy wave,
 Of show and idle state the slave.

But where thy silver springs
 Thro' nameless vales their smooth way take,
 'Ere yet the shepherd they forsake,
 To seek the seats of kings ;
 O ! Thames, there let me rear my bower,
 And deck it round with many a flower.

There like thy noiseless tide,
 Which steals so softly thro' the vale,
 That on the bank the poplar pale
 Hears not the current glide ;
 So noiseless let my secret day,
 Among the green woods slide away.

And as thy waters flow,
Not to annoy the simple swain,
His cott, his fold, or ripening grain,
But blessings to bestow,
So may I mark my silent way,
By scattering blessings where I stray.

Smoothly the years shall pass,
Nor shall I know that envious time
Has stole away my youthful prime,
'Till taught by thy clear glass,
'Till in thy chrystal wave I trace
The roses withering on my face.

Along thy margent green,
The gentle Muses oft at morn,
In garb by rural virgin worn,
Shall round my bower be seen ;
Then shall they place me in their ranks,
And lead me to their favourite banks.

Let

Let not the Muses crown
 With laurel wreath my tender head,
 Nor round my humble temples spread,
 The palm that yields renown ;
 But round my brows a garland twine,
 Of roses by thy stream that shine.

Nor let the Muses bring
 To grace my hand the sounding shell,
 Nor bid me with loud measures swell
 The trumpet by thy spring ;
 But let them bear to me at morn,
 The reed that on thy bank is born.

Softly the reed shall blow,
 And thy clear springs shall love the strain,
 And waft it to the simple swain,
 Who haunts the vales below,
 But O ! beyond the shepherd's bounds,
 O ! waft not, Thames, its artless sounds.

Oft by thy watery glafs,
 With sober look and penfive eye,
 Beneath the poplars will I lie,
 Along the smooth green grafs,
 Wrapt in foft thought and mufing deep,
 While on thy wave my eye I keep.

There if I chance to mark
 The downward fky in thy clear fream,
 Now bright with many a golden gleam,
 With fudden fhades now dark,
 O! life, then will I fay and figh,
 Thy face is likeft to that fky.

If bending o'er the brink,
 Within the wave fair flowers I fpy,
 Reflecting the gay bank, which fly
 Our grasp, then will I think,
 O! hope, thy glafs ftill cheats our fight,
 With flowers fo faithlefs and fo bright.

Or

Or if some alder tall,
I mark that shades thee on the steep,
Beneath whose root thy waters creep,
And silent urge its fall,
O! greatness, I will weep for thee,
For thou must fall like that fair tree.

Thus will I musing lie,
'Till the bright sun withdraws his beam,
Till in thy wave the moonlight gleam,
And glittering stars I spy,
Then rise and woo the birds, that steep
Their song in tears, to sooth my sleep.

Long in the secret grove,
Where thus the breath of morn I taste,
Where thus the evening hour I waste,
O! Thames, long winding rove,
To mark the soft and smooth delights,
Of rural days and rural nights.

Then

Then gently take thy way,
And as thy silver waters glide,
Where stately cities crown thy side,
Or courts their pride display,
Mark if a man more blest than me
Thy banks amid these bright scenes see.

O D E

O D E III.

O Travellers ! who shall chance to fray,
Where thro' this wood the fountain glides,
Deride ye not the man I pray,
Who in these lonely shades abides.

Haply more gay scenes ye admire,
The splendid court, the crouded town,
Haply to greatness ye aspire,
With fame's fair wreaths your brows to crown.

Yet may ye not uncourteous blame,
Or scorn, as thro' these walks ye haste,
The hermit shunning state and fame,
Who loves in woods his days to waste.

O ! rather,

O! rather, if your feet his banks,
Or if your taste his fruits delight,
O! rather, strangers, with due thanks,
And wishes meet his gifts requite.

Pray that the noxious blasts impure
His plants and tender flowers may spare,
That his green vine may shoot secure,
With clusters to reward his care.

Pray that the murmuring spring, whose streams
His thirst allay, may still be clear,
That the smooth banks where oft he dreams
Soft moss may cover thro' the year.

So shall he pray, that not in vain
Ye may aspire to state or power,
That ye Fame's brightest palms may gain,
That kings on you their gifts may shower.

So shall he pray amidst the show
 Of courts, or cities where ye dwell,
 That ye that calm delight may know,
 Which visits him in his lone cell.

ODE

O D E IV.

ASK not why oft my charmed sight
 I bend along that lawn and grove,
 Ask not why thus my steps delight,
 Along that mountain side to rove,
 Nor ask why by that wandering brook,
 I linger long with earnest look.

That lawn and grove no scenes display,
 That other lawns and groves surpass;
 Dark pines that mountain-side array,
 And thinly shade its walks of grass;
 Thro' whispering reeds that streamlet glides,
 And humble osiers crown its sides.

But

But, ah ! this is the well known space,
 Seen after tedious years are past,
 Within whose bound which well I trace,
 My part of sprightly youth was cast :
 My infant steps have trod this green,
 These banks my early sports have seen.

O ! haunts, long from my sight withdrawn,
 Oft to my mind by fancy brought,
 How gladly now I trace each lawn,
 Where jocund youth its pleasures sought,
 Where I was wont in careless play,
 With Lycon oft to waste the day.

Can'st thou not tell, O ! limpid stream,
 For far we stray'd not from thy side,
 How oft to shun the summer beam,
 We wont to plunge into thy tide,
 How oft we swept thy ice-bound flood,
 When winter stirr'd our youthful blood ?

Together

Together by the tinkling rill

We bent our sportive bows at morn,

Together round the pine-clad hill

We urg'd the chase with sounding horn,

Or to the hazle-bank retir'd,

We sung what oft the muse inspir'd.

But, ah ! how happy was that day,

When love first taught me her soft law,

When in the shades in early may,

The blooming Myra first I saw :

How beauteous was she by that wood,

How gazing on the nymph I stood !

From yonder mead, to grace her hair,

I cull'd the lilly and fresh rose,

In yonder bower, to sooth the fair,

Soft numbers for my reed I chose ;

We sat beneath yon poplar shade,

These willows heard the vows we made.

But

But why these scenes should I retrace,
 Nor seek to taste such joys again ?
 The lawn, the grove, each well known place,
 The hill and limpid stream remain ;
 The poplars green their shadow spread,
 And May with fresh flowers crowns the mead.

Then bring to me my polish'd bow,
 And bring the pipe of tuneful breath,
 And let me crop the flowers that blow,
 And let me twine a fragrant wreath,
 So shall I all the joys renew,
 Which here in youthful days I knew.

But from the softly-whispering reeds,
 And from the stream that glides below,
 With plaintive sound a voice proceeds,
 Whose tender accents feebly flow,
 " Forbear fond man, it seems to say,
 Forbear and chase these dreams away.

The hill, the lawn, the well-known bowers,
 The mead and silver stream remain,
 The breath of spring calls forth the flowers
 To crown once more the dewy plain:
 But, ah ! thy youth on hasty wing
 Is flown, nor knows returning spring.

Thy art may teach the pipe to blow,
 Thy hand may grasp the bow once more,
 But can the pipe or polish'd bow
 Thy careless youth to thee restore ?
 Or can the flowery garland chace
 The wrinkles printed on thy face ?

Will Lycon now his bed forsake
 If thou at dawn shalt wind the horn ?
 Will Myra at thy call awake
 If thy soft flute resound at morn ?
 Ah ! no : dark tombs their ashes keep,
 Within the peaceful grove they sleep.

Then

Then rather go to yon dark towers
 Along whose walls pale ivy creeps,
 Go thou and deck that spot with flowers,
 Where Lycon near thy Myra sleeps,
 An aged yew tree marks the place,
 Each tomb pale stones of marble grace.

There sit, and while thy pensive mind
 Calls back these golden days again
 When Myra to thy love was kind,
 When Lycon trod with thee the plain,
 Think that thou also soon shalt have
 Thy dwelling with them in the grave."

O D E V.

O Thou, whose patient foot has strain'd

To climb this hill with side so green,
When now thy step its brow has gain'd,

From which the distant vales are seen,
Here rest and trace, nor trace in vain,
The various prospect of the plain.

Lo where majestic on that side

A city fam'd thy look requires,
Proud of her wealth, she stretches wide

Her stately domes and lofty spires,
Vain that within her ample bound
The seat of mighty kings is found

O stranger

O stranger, if the lust of gold

Allures thee from thy native bower,
Or if it be thy wish to hold

A place among the sons of power ;
Haste to these walls, there wilt thou find
What most is suited to thy mind.

But art thou of those happier few

Whose soul the Muses have possess'd,
Who shun the madness of the crew,
With innocence and health to rest ?
Turn from these stately towers thy face,
And on this side the prospect trace.

Lo where the green vale winds along

With groves and nameless streams between,
Where the lone shepherd sings his song,
And rears his cott of turf unseen;
These are the haunts befitting thee,
O, hide thee in these vales with me.

O D E VI.

THE busy scenes of day are now withdrawn,
 And evening darkens all the lawn.
 Soft thoughts and solemn musings blest,
 That touch the Muse-enraptur'd bosom best,
 When dusky evening spreads
 Her mantle o'er the vales and mountains heads,
 O! come, ye well repay
 The parting of the busy day.
 The nightingale that from the sun retires,
 Whose song and fancy in its flight
 Is marr'd by day's too curious light,
 The evening hour admires.
 Took with the tuneful mood
 Then most with warblings wild she charms the
 wood.

O D E

O D E VII.

O Sweetest of the feathered quire,

O, thrush, and blackbird of the wood,

Where will ye now to rest retire,

Where seek ye now your wonted food ?

Lo how around the wintry snows

Fast from the darken'd sky descend,

With hollow sound the north-wind blows,

While to its blast the tall trees bend.

O, hapless birds, in vain the lake

Or stream ye seek with weary wings,

No more the pool your thirst can flake,

The frost has bound the limpid springs.

In vain ye seek the well-known wood,
The well-known field in vain ye try,
The naked woods no shelter yield,
No food the barren fields supply.

Nor may ye yet of man implore
To save you from the storms awhile :
O, may his gun not wound you fore,
Nor may his net your feet beguile !

More cruel than the wintry wind,
With levell'd gun and fatal snare,
The tyrant of your gentle kind,
He spares not whom the tempests spare.

And have ye sung sweet birds so long
Beneath the summer sun in vain,
And will no one requite your song
Which wont so oft to charm the plain ?

Lo in this bower, within these bounds,
Where oft melodious voices swell,
Where oft the tuneful flute resounds,
Lo in this bower the muses dwell.

The Muses, gentle maids, bemoan
The sorrows of the feather'd throng,
Whose voices tuneful as their own
Warble untaught the woods among.

The Muses smile not that the quire
Of birds are barr'd their notes of joy,
Nor will they with the winds conspire
The harmless songsters to annoy.

O, seek ye then this friendly bower
Which to the Muses still belongs,
Here shall ye prove their sacred power
To save the feather'd race from wrongs.

Here

Here from the northern winds that blow
The hill with pine-trees clad defends,
While its soft lap the vale below
Fair to the noon-tide sun extends.

And here the süllen months to chear,
The flowering laurestine will bloom,
The holly shews its berries near
That shine amidst the wintry gloom.

And many a shady walk is found
Where twining laurels form a grove,
Where firs their green tribes scatter round,
And yew with cypress dark is wove.

And where the sheltering groves extend
Due food for hapless birds we fling,
The fruits that red'ning hawthorns lend,
The grain that yellow harvests bring.

O, seek

O, seek ye then this green retreat,
And thro' these groves of laurel stray,
'Till vernal fons with genial heat
Shall chase the wintry clouds away.

Here first the balmy zephyr blows,
And first the woods are clad in green,
Here earliest yellow crocus grows,
And earliest are blue violets seen.

For him who thus in pious lay
Invites you to the Muses bowers,
O, gentle birds, his care repay,
When spring revives your tuneful powers.

Then when ye breathe these notes along
That melt your mates to soft desire,
O, lend to him a while your song,
O, lend these notes that love inspire.

So may his happy numbers move,
 The tender fair to whom he sings,
 So love's soft pleasures may he prove,
 Like you, beside the silver springs.

ODE

O D E VIII.

THE measure of twelve years at last,

O gentle youth, thy age attains ;

And the long season now is past

Of infant life, and infant pains.

The fullen shadows are withdrawn,

Whose darkness could obscure the dawn:

Now bright shines forth the morn ;

Health prints thy bold steps on the green,

And opening fair the flowers are seen

That thy young breast adorn.

O, while fresh youth glows on thy cheek,
 And purer blood thy veins inspires,
 Go, and each sprightly pleasure seek
 That most thy sportive age requires.
 Now urge the ball, now with bold hand
 Aspire the proud steed to command,
 That sweeps the sounding plain;
 Now bend the bow with graceful pride,
 Or with strong arm the wave divide,
 First of the youthful train.

The Muses shall not long delay
 Thy steps more favour'd to surround;
 To lead thee to their groves away,
 Where songs from silver harps resound.
 Led by the Muses, thou shalt rove
 Delighted through the magic grove,
 And see fair forms divine,
 And hear celestial music breathe,
 While round thy youthful brow a wreath
 Of flowers the Muses twine.

Thine

Thine is life's chearful morning ray,
 And taught what care attends its noon,
 We may not too impatient pray,
 That the fair morn may pass too soon.
 Now like the gay birds on the wings,
 That play amidst the beams of spring,
 With heart too light for sorrow,
 Like them thou sportest in thy May,
 Pleas'd with the sunshine of to-day,
 And careless of to-morrow.

The days of life thou yet wilt know,
 Too oft no certain tenor keep ;
 But like the river-stream they flow,
 Which, as it journeys to the deep,
 Now clear with floods untroubled glides,
 Now rolls more vex'd in darker tides,
 Where rocks oppose its haste,
 Now winds thro' fields and meadows gay,
 And now pursues its joyless way
 Along the lonely waste.

O may thy days unruffled glide
 In smoothest stream, thou gentle boy !
 Most like the Thames, whose passing tide
 Has oft beheld thy infant joy.
 Serenely clear the Thames is seen,
 While now it strays thro' valleys green,
 Now visits princely towers,
 And as the wave steals gently down,
 The streams enrich the busy town,
 And bless the shepherds' bowers.

ODE

Not the vain eyes of men behold
The lovely flower its leaf unfold;
Not the mixt voice of youths and maids
Conspires to praise it in the shades

O D E IX.

But with its bloom it cheers the dale,
Its fragrance rises with the gale
O Thou, whose steps thy fates ordain
That life's low vale shall still retain,
Spare not thy virtues to display
Where fate has mark'd thy humbler way.

Blooms the fresh rose with hues less fair,
Or less perfumes its breath the air,
That in the depth of lonely vales
It gives its fragrance to the gales?

O D E

G

Not

Not the vain eyes of men behold
The lovely flower its leaf unfold ;
Not the mixt voice of youths and maids
Conspires to praise it in the shades.

But with its bloom it chears the dale,
Its fragrance rises with the gale
Sweet to the skies, and heav'n's bright eye
Delights the secret flower to spy.

ODE

O D E X.

FAIR Delia quits our winding dales,
 Where late a shepherdess she stray'd,
 Her steps are in the distant vales,
 In vain has spring our groves array'd.
 Why should I then in shepherd's weed
 Delight the shepherd's part to play;
 To call soft music from the reed,
 To bind my crook with flowers of May?
 Thou stream, whose waters sliding fast,
 Hasten from this forsaken ground;
 With careless hand to thee I cast
 My reed, my crook with garlands bound.

Perhaps as thro' the forests green,
 Perhaps as thro' the meads below,
 By other nymphs and shepherds seen
 Thy limpid waters chance to flow,

In some sequester'd lawn or grove,
 Where earliest flowers their sweets unfold,
 Where woodbine round the trees is wove,
 Thy flood the virgin may behold.

O, if beside that grove or lawn,
 Where she at noon her soft limbs lays,
 Or where she crops the flowers at dawn ;
 O, if thy murmuring water frays,
 Waft to her sight, thou stream, the crook,
 And to her sight the reed display ;
 And if on these the nymph shall look,
 Thus let thy Naiad to her say :

“ Lo

“ Lo to thy eye, O nymph, I bring
These, once thy faithful shepherds store,
His crook bedeck'd with flowers of spring,
His reed that charm'd my verdant shore.

For thee the shepherd youth was vain
To hold these gifts the swains among;
The crook to guide thy fleecy train,
The reed to sooth thee with soft song.

By thee forsaken, to the wave,
These once his pride he threw forlorn;
Lo! in this stream, far from his cave,
The crook, the slender reed are born.

O wouldst thou to thy shepherd's hand
These gifts, his simple wealth, restore;
His crook array'd with flowery band,
His reed resounding on the shore.

Stay not to snatch the slender reed
 From the clear stream with vain delay;
 Permit the waters in their speed
 To bear the polish'd crook away.

But quit, O quit these distant shores,
 And hasten to the well-known cave,
 Where thy fond swain thy loss deplores,
 O haste, the faithful swain to save.

So shall he, nymph, when thou art found,
 Soon find the shepherd's crook again;
 So shall his reed again resound,
 And with its wild notes charm the plain."

O D E XI.

THE new-year comes with gentle pace,
 Thro' heav'n's fair signs to run his race,
 And from his ample store to fling
 The minutes flitting on swift wing ;
 The hours, the days, and order gay
 Of seasons hast'ning on their way.

The race of mortals who in vain
 Thro' many a year of care and pain
 Have strove these blessings to possess,
 That flying still refuse to bless,
 Not wearied by their fruitless care,
 Again to urge the chace prepare ;
 And hope that all their labours past
 The coming year shall pay at last.

The

The statesman now to pow'r more near,
 Foresees that this approaching year
 Shall raise him soon to honours due,
 And prove his dreams of greatness true.
 The soldier, smit with love of fame,
 In fancy now attains that name,
 Which former years, by prayers oft try'd,
 Less kind, have to his suit deny'd.
 The merchant, whose fond hope of gain,
 The angry sky and rolling main
 Have long conspired to defeat,
 Welcomes the year that shall complete
 His golden schemes, and quits the shore
 The climes of India to explore.

Nurtur'd to tread life's humble vale,
 Too weak the dangerous cliffs to scale,
 On whose high top power builds her seat,
 With no vain wishes to be great,
 I see the year his course renew ;
 Careless among her favour'd few,

That

That Fame to rank me should delight,
 I shall not sigh when with swift flight
 The seasons and the months are flown,
 If still to Fame I rest unknown :
 Nor shall I, tho' of shining treasure,
 Fortune, that deals to some full measure,
 To me a slender share allow,
 Sollicit with too anxious vow
 The year bright-opening to repair
 The flights of Fortune, wayward fair,
 And pour for me, in ample stores,
 The gold from rich Peruvian shores.

Far other thoughts and wishes move
 This breast, the temple where pure love
 His holiest flames has kindled bright :
 When a new year his silent flight,
 Prepares now through the months to take,
 With anxious vow my prayer I make,
 That 'ere the year with silent pace
 Shall thro' the months complete his race,
 Fair Delia, too disdainful maid,
 Who has so long my passion paid

With cold reserve and stately pride,
 May less with scornful look deride;
 And less with words severe reprove
 My proffer'd vows and faithful love.

Roll on, thou year, nor roll in vain
 The various seasons in thy train;
 Let smiling Spring the Winter chase,
 Let summer with a stealing pace
 The flying steps of Spring pursue,
 'Till Autumn claim his honours due:
 In vain the seasons shall not roll,
 If while the nymph who sways my soul
 Ordains that every rising day
 Shall see her in its course display
 New virtues, and with wisdom's grace
 Add beauties to an angel-face;
 If yet the fair one shall decree
 Some happy hours to love and me.

ODE

O D E XII

FAIR is thy vale, Aumerle ! of ample space,
 Sweet interchange of streamlet, lawn and grove,
 Thy fruitful lap the yellow harvests grace,
 A thousand herds along thy pastures rove.

O canst thou not, fair vale, within thy bound
 Which spacious fields, and lawns, and groves
 contains,
 Yield to two lovers some sequester'd ground,
 Where they may twine their bow'r, and bless
 thy plains ?

Alas !

Alas ! Love pleads in vain : thy fruitful fields,
 Thy groves & lawns rich lords relentless share,
 For them thy lap its yellow harvest yields,
 For them thy flocks, thy trees their gifts prepare.

O hapless love, that in the grove and plain,
 Thy dwelling once, now findest no retreat ;
 O hapless vale, whose ample bounds contain
 No secret shade where love may make her seat !

ODE

O D E XIII.

WHILE I was absent from my fair,
 Ye hours, I bad you speed your flight,
 Swift as the winds that sweep the air,
 Till Delia blest again my sight.

But then you crept with dull delay,
 Regardless of a lover's pain;
 And slowly brought at length the day
 When Delia blest my eyes again.

Now when the nymph delights my sight,
 Ye hours, I bid you softly stay
 Your speed, nor with too hasty flight
 The precious minutes bear away.

But

But now on swiftest wings ye move,
 And now ye bring that moment near
 Which parts me from the nymph I love,
 And Delia sheds the tender tear.

O wayward hours, that slowly move,
 Or swiftly at your pleasure glide,
 Why are ye bent to cross my love,
 And from my fair one to divide?

Yet vain your malice is and art!
 While you pursue your circling race,
 You never from my constant heart
 My Delia's image can efface.

ODE

O D E XIV.

YE lofty woods that proudly sweep
 Along the hill, along the plain,
 That in your bounds fair pastures keep,
 And fields enrich'd with golden grain:
 Ah ! not for me this ample space
 Of hill and vale, ye proudly sweep ;
 Nor yet for me your groves embrace
 Rich fields and pastures white with sheep.

Yet let me praise you, nor in vain
 That your dark solitudes among
 I may of fate unkind complain
 And love's reward delay'd too long :

Yet

Yet let me praise you, that I may

On your smooth trees the name engrave
Of her from whom so far I stray,
To wayward destinies a slave.

O mighty lords, ye to whose share

These woods and fields, and pastures fall,
How long to you alone her care
Shall fortune lend, deaf to my call?

Still busy for your state and power,

Fair lands, proud mansions to provide;
When will she rear my humble bower,
When will she give me my bride?

ODE

But love to thee ordains more kind,

I hat stronger links with sure hold

I see to thy gentle fair still bind,

Links that are wrought of purest gold :

O D E XV.

THINK not that love thy suit disdains,

Tho' to thy wish be long deny'd

His pleasing ties, by which fond swains

Are with consenting nymphs ally'd.

By love light hearts in chains are bound,

Wove of the wanton flowers of May ;

And soon the flowery bands are found,

And soon the flowery bands decay.

O D E

H

But

But love to thee ordains more kind,
 That stronger links with surer hold
 Thee to thy gentle fair shall bind,
 Links that are wrought of purest gold :

And long the artist love must strain
 With gold oft to the furnace cast,
 To forge for thee a sacred chain,
 And long the golden chain shall last.

O D E XVI.

O LOVE, the shepherd happy by thy power,
 Just to his vows with grateful hands will raise,
 With myrtle crown'd and many a purple flower,
 Beside the streams an altar to thy praise.

And O, ye spacious seats, ye that behold
 A noble line your bounds so long adorn,
 Ye green retreats, where heroes fam'd of old
 The statesman's & the warrior's palms have worn.

To you the shepherd pays his duteous thanks,
 That ye permit, amidst your groves renown'd,
 That he unblam'd may rear the altar crown'd
 With fairest flowrets gather'd from your banks.

Love shall not need the shepherd long to blame,
 That he her kindness with slight thanks repays,
 When in your walks, the haunts of ancient fame
 This homage to her name his zeal displays.

Nor shall ye yet your ancient honours stain,
 O fair abodes, O seats renown'd so long,
 That ye permit the shepherd to ordain,
 To love an altar your green bowers among.

For not to her of wanton Cyprus nam'd
 The mother vain of loose desires alone,
 But to chaste love that in the skies her throne
 Has plac'd on high, his willing gift is fram'd.

WRITTEN

W R I T T E N

I N

NORMANDY IN FRANCE.

FAIR Normandy, illustrious land of old,
 Fruitful of hardy knights and barons bold,
 Whose race their high dominion dar'd to found
 In Albion's shore, that waves and rocks surround;
 Whose sons afar, by brave adventure born,
 Calabrian and Sicilian crowns have worn;
 Ah, what avails thee of an early age
 Thy praise recorded in historic page,
 That to green Albion's isle, beyond the wave,
 Thy realm its princes and its nobles gave,
 That in Sicilia's distant shore, thy race,
 And in Calabria's seats, their thrones could place,

H 3

When

When in thy cities fair and fruitful land
 Despotic kings now hold their dread command,
 Before whose throne, their ancient fame decay'd,
 Thy nobles bow with slavish awe dismay'd,
 Beneath whose sway thy hapless swains complain
 That the rich bounty of thy fields is vain.

O Norman William ! of this land the boast,
 Proud conqueror in Albion's sea-beat coast ;
 Thou, whose ambition, in a servile chain,
 Aspir'd the strength of England to detain,
 And far above her ancient fame to raise
 Of thy own Normandy the pride and praise ;
 If yet of mortal things the sense or care,
 Withdrawn from mortal scenes, thy spirit share,
 Behold how vain and impotent and blind,
 Have been the counsels of thy haughty mind.
 In Albion's happy land, beyond the waves,
 Where thy fierce sway ordain'd a race of slaves,
 Her Genius soon, with noble pride inflam'd,
 Breaking the shackles which thy hands had fram'd,

Fair

Fair Liberty her chosen seat maintains,
 Diffusing gladness thro' the green isle's plains;
 And holy laws their sacred empire found,
 Thrice holy laws, that guard this fav'rite ground
 From foul oppression, yet on thrones of gold
 The British princes, patriot kings, uphold;
 Whilst hapless Normandy, that boasts in vain
 Her triumphs past, now drags the servile chain,
 Decreed with blind submission to fulfill
 The haughty mandate of despotic will.

O youths of Albion! ye whose steps have worn
 With mine the path beside the winding Orne;
 Who as ye visit this fam'd land, which gave
 To the proud conqueror his birth and grave,
 Musing recall, how with a tyrant's rage,
 He sway'd your country in an hapless age;
 O let your hearts with grateful transports beat,
 That in your native land, the blissful seat
 Ye now behold, where Freedom has reveal'd
 Her heavenly form from fairer climes conceal'd.

Yet

Yet whilst the thought of Albion, from the sway
 Of tyrants rescu'd, as ye musing stray
 On foreign shores, delights your bosoms most,
 O may ye not in careless pleasures lost,
 Think that no power remains, whose secret hate
 May work new evils to her prosperous state.
 The cold earth in her bosom the remains
 Of the proud Norman conqueror retains* ;
 These lofty towers with rev'rend sculpture grac'd,
 Near winding Orne thro' rolling ages plac'd ;
 Where superstition lends her aid to frame
 A pile to consecrate the Conqueror's name ;
 With unavailing pomp, that narrow bound
 Where William sleeps, e'en proud in death, surround.
 But near the tomb-stone oft that hides his dust,
 Awake, and to her hero's memory just,

* William the Conqueror is interred in a magnificent abbey in Caen, in Normandy. Caen is washed by the river Orne.

With

With stately tread, and eye of proud disdain,
 Her purple garment, mark'd with bloody stain,
 Stalks Despotism, mighty queen ! and waves
 Her sword that awes the nations into slaves.
 She, tyrant fierce, whom half the globe obeys,
 With look indignant, Albion's isle surveys,
 That built amidst the waves, too long disdains
 Her wide dominion, and derides her chains ;
 And oft from Gallia's strand the haughty queen
 Impatient eyes that ample space between,
 Where the blue ocean, with his rolling sides,
 Fair Albion from her dread domain divides ;
 And oft the tyrant, by ambition fir'd,
 Unsated yet with conquest, has aspir'd
 Across the deep her triumph to pursue,
 And to her yoke wide Britain to subdue.

Ye sons of Albion, whom to Albion's shore
 The circling days and months shall soon restore,
 O, to repel despotic terrors bold,
 And conscious of the mighty rights ye hold,
 Revere that fabric which of old time stands
 Built on your isle by Freedom's sacred hands,

Call

Call forth the patriot virtues to surround
 The stately pile, and guard from hostile wound;
 Controul strong luxury, beneath whose sway
 The virtues of a sliding age decay;
 From the foul torrent of corruption save,
 That thro' the land rolls deep her poisonous wave.
 The haughty looks of shameless vice confound,
 On furious faction fix the deadly wound;
 With the wild tumult of licentious rage,
 That braves due discipline, the battle wage;
 Bid holy manners with just laws conspire
 To call again times incorrupt, entire.
 So shall ye, tho' your high descent ye trace,
 From antient ancestry of Norman race,
 Of Normandy long miss the evil day,
 That dooms her land to stern despotic sway:
 So shall ye visit not amiss the ground
 Where Norman William's dust intomb'd is found,
 Nor shall in vain your wand'ring steps have worn
 The grassy path beside the streams of Orne.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

IN THE

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

YE mountains of the north ascending steep,
 That to the skies advance your summits proud,
 On whose high top their seat the tempests keep,
 From whose dark sides descend the torrents loud,
 Ah! not in vain your lofty heads ye rear,
 The torrents rush not from your sides in vain,
 Nor yet in vain around your tops appear
 The gathering tempests darkening wide the plain.

For

For ye entrusted by high Heaven of old
 From thralldom base the Scottish race to save,
 Have still repelled each invader bold
 That fought your much-lov'd inmates to enslave.

The mighty Roman, who with lawless pride
 Bound fiercest tyrants in his iron chain,
 Even in his noon of power ye could deride,
 And make his boast to conquer Albion vain.

The Saxon nurs'd in woods to deeds of spoil,
 The hardy Dane with giant-strength supply'd,
 Whose dauntless lance in bloody fight could foil
 The might of gallant princes, ye defy'd.

Hail northern hills, thro' whose rude bounds the ire
 Of armed bands has vainly strove to pierce,
 Whose craggy tops that to the skies aspire,
 Disdain the sway of an invader fierce.

Behold

Behold a milder train of pilgrims meek,
Whose feet have never trod your rough domain,
The gentle arts, with suppliant accents seek
Your solitudes and deep retreats to gain.

Fearless of wintry storms the gentle crew
With painful steps ascend your rugged side,
And flying fairer climes, the wanderers sue
Amidst your cliffs and desarts to abide.

No banner fierce, no hostile lance they wave,
Nor on their journey clad in steel they haste,
They bear no galling fetters to enslave
The ancient tenants of the silent waste.

The simple native they will not betray,
Or spoil him of his wealth with guile unmeet,
Nor will they not his courtesy repay
If he in friendly wise their coming greet.

For

For they the power by sacred charter hold
To bless the swain who to their sway will yield,
To store his cot with still encreasing gold,
And crown with fruitful crops his barren field.

O, may ye not, hills of the north restrain
These gentle strangers, or their steps oppose;
O, may ye soon receive the peaceful train
Into the vales which your steep rocks inclose.

So shall they with rich crops and forests green
Array your naked fides and desarts drear,
And at your feet in lonely woods unseen
The dome and chearful village shall they rear.

So shall they chace away these horrid forms
Which have not yet your rugged cliffs forlook,
Discord, whose voice is louder than the storms,
And shivering Want and Rapine's ruffian look.

And

And in their place I ween a nobler band

They soon shall bring your rude seats to adorn,
The Muses with their harps, the Graces bland,
And smiling Peace, and Plenty's fruitful horn.

To the MEMORY of an OFFICER, who
perished in the EAST INDIES, 1765.

FAR in that eastern sea that beats
With swelling surge rich Java's seats,
And Borneo and Sumatra's shore,
Amidst the hoarse waves' ceaseless roar
With palm and native cedar grac'd,
A lone romantic isle is plac'd,
Whose flowery lawns and secret shades
No foot of Indian swain invades.
Here on a rock, from whose steep brow
Dark'ning the wave that roll'd below,
Where Ether stoops to Ocean green,
Sumatra's distant shore was seen,
With angry looks, in wrathful mood
The Genius, lo! of India stood.
Disdaining of that wonted state
In which on Ganges' banks he fate,

On

On Ganges banks ill-fated shore,
 Whose blood-stain'd fields delight no more;
 The Genius rent his robe, his crown
 He threw with frantic gestures down,
 While thus his angry speech express'd
 The passions raging in his breast.

“ Why on my head with diamonds grac'd
 Was India's proud tiara plac'd ?
 Why was of India's sons the care
 By fatal destiny my share ?
 The Indian princes to behold
 Cast from their antient thrones of gold,
 To hear the long and loud lament
 From Indian kingdoms deeply sent,
 Whilst of invaders fierce an host
 Sent from remotest Europe's coast,
 Stretch thro' our shores their lawless sway,
 And mark with blood their impious way.
 Yet shall not India's genius long
 Bear unreveng'd this mighty wrong.

Ye fons of Albion, ye whose band
 Has vex't the most this injur'd land,
 Ye, who with mightier power endu'd
 Have in pure blood your hands imbru'd,
 That in your treasures ye might hold
 A countless sum of Indian gold,
 Ye yet your bloody deeds shall rue
 And give to India vengeance due,
 Whilst on this shore your footsteps fall,
 Dire avarice shall you enthrall,
 To work her will accurst, her slaves;
 Or if ye measure back the waves
 And seek again your native ground,
 Yet there avengers shall be found.
 There luxury your souls shall hold,
 And melt your hoarded heaps of gold,
 And pleasure sought with eager chase
 Shall still delude your vain embrace,
 Whilst your proud banquets to confound
 Remorse, dire spectre, from the ground
 Shall rise, a guest of fell affright,
 Who calling India to your fight

Shall

Shall shake her scourge and snaky hair,
And fill your bosoms with despair."

Thus from the green isle, his retreat,
The genius pours his angry threat,
When lo ! the British ship that bore
The young Amyntor from the shore
Of Albion to the Indian clime,
While soft gales blow, in luckless time,
Is seen afar along the deep
To the green isle its way to keep.
The breezes fall, the vessel rides
At distance on the rolling tides,
With face deceitful smiles the sky,
And now impatient to descry
An Indian land, Amyntor sweeps
In oary barge the level deeps,
And now with curious eye explores
The untry'd windings of the shores.
The Genius saw the youth the while
In oary barge approach the isle,

The Genius wept, the Genius sigh'd,
 And oh thou hapless youth, he cry'd,
 Art thou too come of milder look,
 Thy native Albion's cliffs forsook,
 Art thou too come thy purer hand
 To stain the spoiler of this land?
 Alas ! ill fitted thou to wage
 The wars in Indian climes that rage,
 Alas ! unknowing thou what store
 Of ills infest the indian shore !
 Enflam'd with glory's radiant charms
 And nurtur'd to contend in arms
 With a proud foe whose martial rage
 With Albion well the war could wage,
 Say, wilt thou count it mighty praise
 Thy trophies in this land to raise,
 Land of a nation weaker far,
 Shunning the strife of furious war,
 Whose mind a languor soft inhales
 From sultry skies and melting gales,
 Whose riches only, fatal gift,
 The invaders steel against them list,

Guiltless

Guiltless of crimes that may provoke,
 Submitting to a gentle yoke,
 And pouring gold in boundless stores
 To turn the battle from their shores?
 With gentlest arts and manners blest,
 And all thy virtuous soul possess
 By the sweet Muses, whose kind power
 Has nurs'd thee from thy earliest hour,
 Wilt thou not weep to see the wrong
 Which hapless India suffers long,
 Her nobles innocent in vain
 By ussian force or treach'ry slain,
 Her princes in the fight subdu'd
 By dire oppression's scourge pursu'd,
 And war and rapine's horrid band
 In bloody state led thro' the land,
 That heaps of gold may sate the lust
 Of Albion's sons, severe, unjust;
 Wrongs whose full measure to restrain
 Thy feeble power must strive in vain?
 Or will this dire contagious clime
 Infect thy bosom too with crime,

And stifling all the generous fire
 Which in thy breast now glows entire,
 The mighty wish of godlike fame,
 The gentle virtues' heavenly flame,
 Shall avarice dire in evil day
 Thy sliding nature here betray
 To vices which it most disdains,
 To thoughts unfeeling of the pains
 And sorrows of a race oppress'd,
 To arts of lucre, vile, unblest,
 And deeds of rapine dark, that shun
 The pure light of the radiant sun?
 Oh, ere thy step these borders gain,
 While yet thy soul is free from stain,
 Oh, let me save thee from the snares
 Which for thy youth this land prepares,
 And from the pangs which sure will wound
 Thy honest mind on Indian ground.

The Genius stretcht his mighty hand
 And smote the waters with his wand:

The

The shores and hollow rocks around
 Send to the surge a solemn sound,
 A sudden gloom the deep invades,
 The noon-tide sun is hid in shades,
 The sea with troubled face appears,
 When lo, a wave its head uprears
 That seen afar in ocean's plain,
 Seems a huge mountain in the main ;
 Gathering the floods as vast it sweeps
 Its furious way along the deeps,
 The wave now rolls with thundering roar
 Its weight of waters to the shore.
 O, hapless youth whose pinnacle vain
 May ill the mighty flood sustain !
 O, yet thou Indian Genius quell
 'That wave which thou hast taught to swell,
 O, yet thou Indian Genius save
 The lost Amyntor from the wave !
 The pious vow is breath'd in vain,
 Nor may we our weak suit obtain.
 The fullen shades of night are fled,
 Old Ocean smooths his wat'ry bed,

The wave its furious course has roll'd,
 But, ah ! within its bosom cold
 The young Amyntor buried lies,
 And endless night has clos'd his eyes.
 Farewel, O youth too early lost,
 With all thy virtues blooming most,
 Farewel, the power that sways the deep
 From ills thy virtuous mind to keep,
 Ordains an early grave for thee,
 Nor may we blame that high decree.
 No hallowed tomb thy ashes holds,
 No marble vain thy name unfolds,
 Yet surely to that shore which gave
 To thy cold limbs a watry grave,
 The gentle spirits of the air
 Shall oft with harp unseen repair,
 And oft along that coast shall float
 Soft music with a solemn note :
 The sailor at the hour of night
 Who steers beneath the moon's pale light
 His vessel thro' the Indian main,
 Wond'ring shall hear the melting strain,

And

And down his rough cheek as he hears
 Shall glide involuntary tears.

Thus bending o'er the waves which roar
 Against old Albion's rocky shore,
 With strains which fancy, musing maid,
 Invents to lend her votary aid
 I strive to cheat my bosom's pain,
 I strive, alas ! too much in vain,
 While sad remembrance to my mind
 Still calls, with busy care unkind,
 A brother in the Indian wave
 Untimely sunk, and in that grave
 Buried with him all in their prime
 Fair hopes, and virtuous fires sublime.
 O, shade of him whose memory dear
 Calls from these eyes this streaming tear,
 Forgive the verse that strives to frame
 Some weak memorial of thy name.
 Poor is the tribute of the lays
 Which to thy dust a brother pays,

Yet

Yet shall the verse not flow in vain,
 If aught avail the pious strain
 To sooth with lenient note awhile
 A parent's anguish, or beguile
 These tears that streaming still anew
 A gentle sister's cheek bedew,
 Whose tender frame may ill I ween
 Endure the shaft of sorrow keen.

ELEGY

E L E G Y.

AT the dark mansion where thy dust is kept
 A sorrowing father has a daughter wept,
 A husband has his tender anguish shed
 For the dear partner of a holy bed,
 O, let a brother now his portion crave
 To wash with pious drops a sister's grave.

Far in thy life below that high sphere plac'd
 Where grandeur dwells with wealth and titles
 grac'd,
 Fulfilling in the rank bestow'd by fate
 The silent virtues of thy humbler state ;
 Like the fair rose that blooms and falls to earth

In

In the same vale which first beheld its birth,
 Unseen, unknown beyond that narrow space
 Where heaven to thee indulgent fixt thy place ;
 Thou art not now bewailed in thy death
 By pride's vain pomp or flattery's idle breath :
 Thy memory more grateful praise obtains,
 When o'er the grave which hides thy cold remains
 A father, husband, brother sorrowing weep,
 Whose hearts engraven thy fair virtues keep.

O, snatcht untimely to an early grave
 While length of years to thee we blindly gave,
 Yet in that space which thy short life supply'd
 In each fair female part thou hadst been try'd ;
 Each lovely part fulfill'd with comely grace,
 The rose yet undecaying on thy face,
 Heav'n sought no more to prove thy worth below ;
 That power whose gifts immortal crowns bestow
 To thy fair virtues gave an early prize,
 And snatcht thy spirit to its kindred skies.

In

In the first dawn of life by bands ally'd
 Which Friendship's hand more strong than Na-
 ture's ty'd;
 The mild companion who with gayest look
 The joys of careless years with him partook;
 Thy gentlest smiles on him complacent cast,
 Thy soft tear at his sorrows streaming fast;
 Kind to his frailties, still with partial praise
 Willing the virtues of his youth to raise;
 Such while the tender shower of sorrow falls
 Such to his mind thy brother thee recalls.
 Tho' now from his embraces death divides,
 Whose veil thy form from mortal glances hides,
 Yet he with golden hope his mind sustains
 That ev'n beyond the grave thy love remains.
 Whilst thro' the vale of life he blindly strays,
 Where passion oft and rash opinion sways
 The path of fatal error to pursue,
 Thou to thy former friendship not untrue,
 With power of heavenly spirit shalt delight
 Thro' the dark maze to lead his steps aright.

While

While yet for him who in this mortal bound
 Patient his part of human ills has found,
 A pilgrim in these low abodes of pain;
 His fates severe new sorrows may ordain,
 Thou shalt sustain his soul with powerful charm
 And sharp affliction of her shafts disarm.
 But when pale death appalls him, thou shalt bend
 Fair from the skies thy ministry to lend;
 In that dread hour with music of the blest
 Thy voice shall sooth his parting soul to rest,
 Thy beckoning hand shall call him to the sky
 And point new glories to his raptur'd eye.

Soft are the sorrows which our souls o'erspread
 When at thy grave the tender tear we shed,
 Yet why lament we long, who soon shall join
 In this dark dwelling our cold dust to thine?

The

* The solemn towers that crown these hallow'd
bounds

Beneath whose feet the rolling deep resounds,
Rais'd by the pious pride of ages past
Thro' a long course of circling years to last,
Now shook by time and hastening to their fall,
To man's vain mind his trembling state recal.
From these dark mansions that enshrined keep
The slumbering dead, low murmuring to the deep
A solemn voice now comes, whose hollow sound
Thus chides my sorrows as it rolls around.

“ Thou mourner bowing o'er a grave thy head,
Lo, while thy streaming tears bewail the dead,
The fates prepare the place that soon shall hold
Thy destin'd ashes in a mansion cold :
Arise, the tasks of life require thy pains,

* Remains of a religious building by the sea.

Whilst

Whilst life to thee a slender space ordains
 'Ere yet thou reach the grave that bounds thy race,
 With virtues plant thou fair that slender space;
 That when the silent tomb receives thy dust,
 Some friendly spirit to thy ashes just
 These tender sorrows may to thee return,
 With which thou sprinklest now a sister's urn.

PARODY

While

P A R O D Y

On some VERSES in *VIRGIL*.

Written 1763.

O Could he but his blessings feel!
 Sure of the holy men that kneel
 And say meek prayers in linen vest,
 The country parson is most blest;
 For whom, far distant from the sound
 Of war, the fertile earth is bound,
 Without his labour or his pain,
 Forth from her lap, in wholesome grain,

To

*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint,
 Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
 Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.*

K

Si

To pour two hundred pounds a year,
 Of taxes and incumbrance clear.
 What if he see not at his gate
 That train of reverend suitors wait,
 Who oft to Lambeth towers repair,
 When livings fall of income fair,
 And there with wishful eyes behold
 Proud portals, gothic sculptures old,
 Retinue, furniture, and plate,
 Fitting his Grace's princely state,
 While at the crape of tatter'd gowns
 The footman sneers, the porter frowns;
 What if the parsonage house be plain,
 And equal show and state maintain
 With the good parish church that stands
 The work of no proud artist's hands,
 Where

*Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
 Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam;
 Nec varios inbiant pulchra testudine postes,
 Illufasque*

Where no vain roofs or pillars fair
 Tempt the ungodly eye to stare
 On marble, gold, or sculpture nice,
 While the good preacher rails at vice,
 Where no cathedral vestments shine,
 The holy pride of minds divine,
 Embroidered cope or mantle bright,
 Stain'd with false hues of purple light;
 What if less costly be his fare,
 And he with purest oil prepare
 The salad that his herbs afford,
 Whilst to the chaplain of my lord.
 Or to the pamper'd dean, just able,
 With princely rents to keep a table,
 He foreign luxuries resigns,
 French soups, French sauces, and French wines;

Yet

*Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyreïaque æra,
 Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,
 Nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi:*

Yet never let it give him care,
 That Secker fills the primate's chair,
 Whilst of choice blessings in his store
 The country parson counts a score;
 An easy life, whose smiling face
 Is never ruffled by disgrace,
 In gifts of health and quiet rich;
 A field with fence of hedge and ditch,
 Within whose wide range he may till,
 Or graze his cattle if he will;
 A freehold dwelling, mansion fit,
 Where, thanks to Pratt, the friend of Pitt,
 At writs of statesmen he may smile,
 If chance they err in name or stile;
 A pond that willows shade; a grove;
 A reverend cave, (dark ivy wove

With

*At secunda quies & nescia fallere vita,
 Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
 Speluncæ vivi; lacus; at frigida tempe,*

Mugit usque

With woodbine clothes its ancient side,
 Relic of an old abbey's pride,
 The hum of bees and rush of streams,
 To sooth his sleep and prompt his dreams ;
 The Kentish hills, the Surry meads,
 The level downs that Dorset spreads,
 Or else the forest side, where slept
 Wild beasts of old, for tyrants kept ;
 Nor in the blessings of his lot
 Let this prime blessing be forgot,
 That still in cottages and plains
 The cloth some dignity maintains,
 That village-swains, a hardy throng,
 Whose limbs with toil and temperance strong,
 Untainted English blood still hold,
 Bow to the cassoc as of old ;

Nor

*Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni
 Non absunt. Illic saltus, ac lustra ferarum,
 Et patiens operum parvoque assueta juventus,*

Nor is the parson and his gown,
 Tho' never can the name in town
 Without a jest be heard or spoke,
 Yet in the country quite a joke.

O had I been with happier fate
 Nurs'd by those muses, who their state
 By Isis or by Cam unfold,
 And who for ev'ry nursling hold
 Far richer than in days of yore,
 Some goodly benefice in store,
 Ye Muses, sure then by your care
 Some parsonage had been my share.

Then

*Sacra Deum, sanctique patres: Extrema per illos
 Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.*

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ
 Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,*

Accipiant

Then by no heavy charge employ'd,
 Whilst ease and leisure I enjoy'd,
 If chance that passion had been mine
 The champion of the church to shine,
 And, far above a vulgar fame,
 With high divines to rank my name,
 Taught by the schools to wield the pen,
 Ah, who can say, ye holy men,
 How well this hand had ply'd the quill
 Then had large volumes penn'd with skill,
 Told how the faithful, who submit
 To holy church with reverence fit,
 And pay to priesthood honours meet,
 Have purest light to guide their feet,
 Sure never that straight way to miss,
 Which leads at last to happy bliss;

Whilst

Accipiant; coelique vias & sidera monstrant;
Defectus

Whilst schismatic, and who with pride
 The hallowed churchmen dare deride,
 In a blind path benighted run,
 Where never ray of moon or sun
 Descends to guide their footsteps dark:
 Nor had I been less slow to mark
 How best the holy church may still
 Her sway maintain, and to her will
 Obedient keep a trembling land
 With sacred terrors at command:
 If sectaries, enflam'd with pride,
 Like to the strong rebellious tide,
 Whose waves usurp beyond their bounds,
 At priesthood threw unhollowed sounds,
 Then to enforce just rigour bold,
 My useful doctrine well had told,

What

*Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores;
 Unde tremor terris: qua vi Maria alta tumescant
 Ob jicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa residant:*

Quid

What wholesome penalties may quell
 The hated sects that dare rebel,
 And drive repress the faucy tide
 Within its wonted bed to slide.
 But most my labours had been due
 To trace with lines subtile and true,
 From what mishaps it has ensu'd,
 Mishaps devoutly to be ru'd,
 That zeal, whose torch once glorious shone,
 As when in summer on his throne
 Advanc'd to burning Cancer nigh,
 The blazing sun is seen on high,
 Now thro' our land in hapless days
 A weak and trembling light displays,
 Like to the sun, whose glorious form,
 Pale winter marrs, when thro' the storm,

He

*Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
 Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*

Sin,

He shoots a faint and sickly beam,
 Soon to be quench'd in ocean's stream:
 Nor had I miss'd then to reveal,
 How best the torch of holy zeal
 Its wonted flame may yet renew,
 And long deride the impious crew,
 Who seek in everlasting night
 To wrap that pure and sacred light.

Thus haply had I prov'd my skill
 To urge the controversial quill;
 But if the freezing blood that glides
 Around my heart in sluggish tides,
 That bold ambition had withstood,
 And abler priests, whose sprightlier blood
 The hope of bishopricks may fire,
 Such high themes for themselves require,

Yet

*Sin, has ne possim naturæ accedere partes,
 Frigidus obstitit circum præcordia sanguis;*

Rura

Yet, ah! what joys had been behind,
 To sooth my unambitious mind!
 In rural prospect, grove, and green,
 Valley and hill, clear streams between;
 In dairy, orchard, field and farm,
 What store of bliss the sense to charm!
 O give ye quickly to my hand
 The surplice white, the reverend band;
 The robes that holy priests array,
 And clothe me in these robes I pray.
 Then far from London and its pains,
 Bear me, O bear me to the plains,
 Where Stower or Avon lead their tides,
 Or Thames an infant stream yet glides;
 And there where fields and meadows smile,
 Close by the church, an aged pile,
Place

*Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
 Flumina amem Sylvasque inglorius. O ubi campi,
 Sperchiusque, & virginibus bacchata Lacænis*
Taygeta!

Place me, O, place me in fair ground,
 The parson with my parish round.
 And thou fair nymph, with look so soft,
 Thou that art seen from college oft
 With reverend fellows to repair
 To parsonage house and country air,
 Thou, Indolence, contented be,
 To come and dwell, fair nymph, with me.
 With thee, companion of my day,
 How sweet in summer-time to stray
 By river-side thro' fields and farms,
 When o'er the meads the village swarms,
 And nymphs around the haycocks sing,
 Or dance in many a merry ring,
 Whilst with my eye the field I measure,
 And count the ample tithes with pleasure !

Or

*Taygeta ! ô qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
 Sistas, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !*

Felix,

Or else, when sultry beams invade,
 And dinner duly has been made,
 Hard by the foot of some dark hill,
 Where shadowing trees are waving still,
 How sweet, O goddess, in thy lap
 To lay my head and take a nap,
 And dream of larger gifts possest,
 While the bright sun goes down the West!

Happy, thrice happy, that divine,
 Who can with casuistry fine
 Dark points illume, solve knotty cases,
 Who every holy mystery traces,
 And mightiest adversaries foils,
 Famous by controversial toils.
 Terror and fate, in servile chains,
 Beneath his footstep he restrains,

Or

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
 Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum*
 Subjecit

Or forth he sends them with command,
 To scourge an unbelieving land,
 And more the stubborn to confound,
 He thunders in their ears the sound
 Of hell, whose wide rapacious jaws
 He opes or shuts by magic laws.
 Thrice happy he above the rest,
 Nor is the parson yet unblest
 Who careless makes his idle rounds
 Of visits thro' his parish bounds,
 Knows all the gentry, by the hand
 Shakes the rich farmers as they stand,
 At every village-feast a guest,
 And always welcome to the best;
 Who duly with his patron dines,
 Tastes mutton and Oporto wines,
 And

Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

Fortunatus & ille, Deos qui novit agrestes,

Panaque, sylvanumq; senem, nymphasque sorores!

Inducit

Illum

And after dinner may retire
 With the good sisters of the squire,
 A maiden train, to drink bohea,
 While village scandal mends the tea;
 Who sometimes may, in seasons fit,
 With county-knights at table sit,
 Or justices, an awful train,
 Whose cares redress the injur'd swain,
 Whose looks the guilty clown confound,
 Like gods rever'd the country round.

Happy his days thus to beguile,
 It matters not to him the while,
 That now the common-council meet
 Statesmen self-taught from Watling-street,
 And now in ermine robb'd, their maces
 Before them laid, with awful faces

The

*Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
 Flexit, & infidos agitans discordia fratres,*

Aut

The mayor and aldermen in state,
 Self-chosen monarchs hold debate,
 What public ills they shall repress,
 Whom next displace, whom next address.
 He cares not that the distant Trent
 Conspires with Exeter and Kent,
 And Severn with his muddy wave,
 Against bad counsellors to rave :
 Nor much admires that patriot band,
 Who bent to save their native land
 Convene at Wildman's, awful dome!
 That holds the sons of Greece and Rome ;
 There arm'd for fight and bloody toils,
 And eager to divide the spoils
 Of ministers and placemen slain,
 Rush forth, their triumphs sure to gain.

If

Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro ;

Aut

If chance the mighty Grenvilles split,
 It hurts the parson not a whit,
 That each departing from the other
 Disdains to count him for a brother.
 Nor moves it him with fore dismay,
 That state-physicians loudly say
 That England and her church in danger,
 Tremble beneath a haughty stranger,
 Decreed to perish, hapless lot !
 In thralldom to the tyrant Scot.
 He gives no pity to his grace,
 Or Temple, haply out of place ;
 Nor tho its Wilkes sad George-street lack,
 Can spare one sigh to waft him back.
 By much the happier in his lot,
 The minister he envies not,

Whose

*Non Res Romanæ, perituraque Regna ; neque ille
 Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.*

L

Quos

Whose state attracts the jealous gaze
 Of vain ambition with its blaze;
 Bute, who his prince's favour shares,
 The just reward of honest cares;
 And whilst a nation most to bless
 He bids fierce war his rage repress,
 And peace her heavenly form restore,
 Too long a stranger to our shore,
 Hopes that his crime may be forgot,
 Detested crime, that he is Scot.

The seasons take by turn their flight,
 And, lo! the parson to delight,
 Still to his table by the swains,
 Fit recompence of godly pains,
 Are brought choice presents, which the field
 Or garden in their seasons yield;

The

*Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
 Sponte tulere sua carpsit, nec ferrea jura,*

Insa-

The peaches of the earliest tree,
 The earliest honey of the bee;
 Nor wants there, more to give content,
 The liquor by the apples lent,
 A cooling draught! which, as he swills,
 He lashes freely as he wills.
 The statesmen who conspir'd to frame
 The cyder-act, abhorred name!
 Content from passing fame to hear
 The name of Pratt, he comes not near
 That awful hall where law is seen
 To sit enthroned, mighty queen!
 And lifts an iron rod to smite
 Pale wretches, victims of her spite.
 He never yet has seen Guildhall,
 Which holds within its stately wall
 Records and city archives old,
 And where, O let that tale be told,
 By common-councils nurs'd with pains
 Her life still liberty retains:

L 2

Oft

Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.

Oft list'ning gladly to the sound
 Of crouds that shout with joy around,
 As burns the patriotic fit,
 The names of Temple, Wilkes, or Pitt.
 Yet this to foggy London air
 Tempts not the parson to repair;
 And when he hears in that fam'd place,
 Where Indian Princes by our grace
 We lift to thrones or else uncrown;
 How orators of high renown,
 With speech uncouth, and looks of rage,
 Their furious battles loudly wage,
 'Till Leadenhall thro' all its bounds
 Re-echo to the madd'ning sounds;
 He thanks his God, that far from broil,
 From London far, in fruitful soil
 He dwells, the happiest man alive,
 And freely bids the hero Clive
 To Delly bear the British thunder,
 And spoil Nabobs and Patnas plunder.

PILPAY

P I L P A Y.

NOW Jerry Wade, as authors say,

Was full nineteen a month and day.

Bred in the country where not skill,

But happy ignorance of ill,

From harm preserves the moral frame,

Jerry was free from vice or blame.

The gifts which exercise in fields

With wholesome air and diet yields,

Health in his look her image trac'd,

And Vigour every sinew brac'd.

Nature had to the lad with care

Of wit and judgment lent some share,

And well his country phrase exprest

His grave remark or artless jest :

Nor Learning had her gifts deny'd,
 While by a tutor's care supply'd
 With classic stores, the boy could tell
 What ancient bards had written well.
 Much did the hopeful lad delight
 With his bright parts his fire, the knight,
 But Lady Wade, whose nicer art
 Could scan in youth each weaker part,
 Thought that the lad, nor thought in vain,
 Had yet some virtues to attain,
 Which in due season to supply
 It well became her care to try;
 And on a day, her earnest thought
 Soon into words befitting wrought,
 With tender care of Jerry prest
 My Lady thus the knight addrest:

" Sir John, you to your joy have found
 My counsels always just and sound,
 Nor can you doubt, that I who long
 At town among the courtly throng

Shone of assemblies gay the pride,
 Should be confest more fit to guide,
 Than you who by the world unseen
 Have in the country bury'd been.
 Our Jerry grown to riper age
 May well our prudence now engage,
 And much we shall his spirit wrong,
 If in the country kept too long
 A rude companion he remains
 To rustic squires and village swains,
 Or patient at a tutor's will
 His mind with learning vain to fill,
 'Till lost to every grace polite
 The bow becomes a booby quite,
 Unfit thro' awkwardness and fear
 In well bred circles to appear.
 O, London, London, Sir John Wade,
 Is now the place for Jerry made;
 London, that school of polish'd arts,
 Which to unfashion'd youth imparts
 Good breeding, manners soft and free,
 Graces which all admire who see,

With

With skill of life and men most found;
 Not with vain pedants to be found;
 London, where if the boy possess
 His mother's talents as I guess,
 Into the sprightly beau-monde thrown,
 Soon by each bright attainment known,
 Sure to excel in graceful ease,
 Politeness and the ways to please,
 Our Jerry yet to early fame
 In the gay world will lift his name.
 Sir John, you miss not what I mean
 That I to London plainly lean.
 'Ere yet this year its course completes,
 From the dull country's stupid seats
 Where clowns their sons more clownish breed,
 To London air with fitting speed
 Let Jerry pass, nor pass in vain,
 Himself in arts polite to train:
 So when in gay assemblies plac'd,
 With courtly air and manners grac'd
 The boy is quite accomplish'd grown,
 I may not blush my son to own.

A youth so polish'd, and confess
Of all his mother's grace possest.
Such is my council, and as fit
To sway my councils you admit."

Thus spoke my lady with just aim;
Her looks her purpose fixt proclaim.
At first unwilling that his sight
Should miss in Jerry its delight,
And not unmindful of the snares
Which London for raw youth prepares;
The knight with discomposure hears;
But soon his cloudy brow he clears,
And is contented that her will
The gentle lady shall fulfil;
Taught in her purposes to rest,
As long approv'd, discretest, best.
A tender kiss salutes his cheek
Reward of his compliance meek.

But from the mansion of the Wades,
From guiltless plains and tranquil shades,

Where

Where simple Nature still maintains
 In sober joys the harmless swains,
 Our Jerry now to town repairs,
 To gather breeding, courtly airs,
 And add one youth more to the throng
 Whom giddy fashion draws along
 To dance thro' her fantastic round
 Of follies light on London ground,
 Where vice and vanity at hand
 To seize unwary striplings stand.
 In London soon, enchanted spot!
 His rustic awkwardness forgot,
 Our Jerry quite polite is grown;
 The modish Graces are his own,
 The careless bow, the sauntering gait,
 Disdainful smiles that ready wait,
 Looks that defiance bold express,
 The fop's vain plumes and tinsel dress,
 Important airs to merit due,
 And language to the bon ton true.
 Each haunt that draws the young and gay,
 The public gardens, park and play.

The

The midnight club where smarts repair,
 The gay assemblies of the fair,
 Ridotto, ball, and masquerade
 See and admire our Jerry Wade.
 The train of fashionable wits
 Him gladly of their class admits;
 The beaux with envying looks confess
 His happier taste and matchless dress;
 And rival nymphs at midnight dance
 Cast on the fair a jealous glance,
 Whose fan with gallant air and gay
 The sprightly Wade delights to play.

Fame, winged messenger, whose speed
 Leaves far behind the panting steed,
 From the loud tumult of the town
 Now hurries to the country down,
 Where in fair Devon's fruitful plains
 Wade-hall its worthy knight contains,
 And through the villages and seats
 With all her hundred tongues repeats,

That

That in address and manner blest,
 And of the Graces quite possess'd,
 Among the courtly ranks in town,
 Our Jerry shines in high renown.
 Who now exults but Lady Wade,
 Glad to repeat with vain parade
 How well she could in prudent thought,
 Foresee the good by London wrought?
 Nor less the knight with ravish'd ears
 The praises of his Jerry hears.
 Eager his darling to behold
 Of whom these wonders fame has told,
 Tho' much the labours of his swains
 Demand his presence in the plains,
 And still the lingering spring delays
 To bring soft airs and genial days;
 Yet on the boy the knight intent
 To visit London town is bent,
 And mounted on his steed defies
 The beating rain and blustering skies.

But

But now restrain thy blasts, rude North,
 And Zephyr send thy breezes forth,
 Whilst with parental love inflam'd
 And wish to see a son so fam'd,
 A worthy fire forsakes his seat
 In distant Devon's calm retreat,
 To brave the rage of beating storms,
 When winter yet the plains deforms,
 Nor heeds the long space as he rides
 That London from his fields divides.
 Two days entire the patient knight
 Journeys, tho' fierce rains shew despight:
 Wide Sarum's plains are left behind
 Open to blasts of northern wind,
 And Bagshot heaths are crost in haste
 Where evils worse annoy the waste;
 But when the faint returning light
 Of the third morn dispels the night,
 From Staines, along the Thames that spreads
 Sacred to Liberty its meads,
 Up springs the knight with vigour fast,
 His rugged journey well nigh past,

The

The pride of London to descry
While morning purples yet the sky.

The hasty minutes sliding soon
Brought on the shining hour of noon,
And Jerry taught by fashion right,
How best the vigils of the night
He may repair by morning rest,
Yet sunk in sleep his pillow prest,
When led by peevish fates that fought
To cross him with malicious thought,
Sir John alights in Grosvenor-street,
And eager now his son to greet
Knocks at the door that to the boy
He may express parental joy.
The fullen door with slow delay
Admits him as at early day,
But when an entrance once he gains,
No more his wonder he contains:
“What hours these London people keep?
At noon is Jerry Wade asleep.

That

That wont to wake before the dawn!"
 He calls aloud: but next undrawn
 The curtains of his bed, he seeks
 Within his Jerry's blooming cheeks,
 When tossing in the vain embrace
 Of unquiet sleep, with sickly face
 And meagre looks he sees the boy;
 Alas! how chang'd from him, his joy,
 Who late to chase with hounds and horn
 The flying hare at early morn,
 Fresh as the day from slumber sprung,
 Whilst lusty health each sinew strung.
 A sudden dread the knight appals
 And from his hand the curtain falls.
 Now wond'ring much his eyes explore
 The gay apartment's various store.
 The gay apartments yet unswept
 Declare the vigils lately kept
 With reverence by the festive crew,
 The praise of Bacchus to renew;
 The table floods of wine o'erflow,
 While shatter'd on the floor below

The

The glasses in a ruin vast
 Around their glitt'ring fragments cast.
 Here the beau's trapping are display'd,
 The muff and hat in plumes array'd,
 A motley dress, for heat and cold
 Where silks and furs contention hold,
 Embroider'd garments, and between
 Masks, mantles, dominos are seen.
 But there the trophies of past loves
 Garters are spread, and fans, and gloves,
 With charms and philters not a few,
 Sacred to Comus' lustful crew,
 Gifts that are fraught with am'rous power,
 Which from her wanton Cyprian bower
 The unchaste Venus sends profuse,
 Not to be sung by modest muse.

This various disorder seen
 The knight can scarce contain his spleen,
 When still the fates to vex him bent
 New subjects of amaze present.

Close

Close by the window hung a cage,
 The mansion of an Indian sage,
 Brought from the banks of Ganges' floods,
 The brightest parrot of the woods.
 Conscious of the gay dress he wore,
 His painted head aloft he bore;
 Of brilliant hues his plumes are seen,
 Where gold conspires with vivid green,
 His eyes are bright with gentle flame,
 And Pilpay was the parrot's name.
 Borne from his groves and native air,
 To skies less bright and fields less fair,
 The Indian bird in Devon plac'd
 The mansion of our knight had grac'd,
 A guest that soon to favour grew
 And from his merit honours drew;
 Nor less in Devon's fruitful bound
 Thro' all the villages around
 Was Pilpay fam'd for sprightly parts,
 For moral sayings, virtuous arts,
 Than he, the sage, whose name he bore,
 Had been in Indian climes before.

M

He

He still was wont with reverence meet
 My lady and the knight to greet,
 Good-morrow, Madam, or I pray
 How does your honour do to-day?
 To strangers entering at the hall,
 Welcome his courteous voice would call,
 And when the guest began to stir,
 He civil said, adieu good fir.
 If sneezing chanc'd the knight to take,
 Orisons due would Pilpay make,
 And straight, God save you, would invoke,
 Politely bowing as he spoke;
 But never impious oath he swore,
 Gadsooth, gadzookers, but no more,
 With love of industry possest
 And frugal arts, the Indian guest
 A household part full well could play,
 And from his cage at break of day
 Would call the servants all by name
 To rise and mind their tasks for shame;
 And if they careless slept too long,
 Or if the morning churn went wrong,

Would

Would scold in fitting terms at will
 The maids that ply'd their tasks so ill.
 To Pilpay oft it fell from harm
 To guard the poultry-yard and farm :
 In harvest time he taught the hind
 With precept sage to reap and bind;
 He well could call if there was need,
 The turkey's tender brood to feed,
 Or bid the straggling chicks take care
 And of the hovering kite beware.
 A stranger to these ditties quite
 In which more wanton birds delight,
 More subject to religious qualm
 He oft would hymn a pious psalm,
 Or else bewail in plaintive mood
 The dying children of the wood,
 Or to the notes of Chevy-chace
 Attune his voice with martial grace.
 Pilpay by arts like these became
 The favourite of the knight and dame,
 And Jerry yet a child carest
 And fondly fed his feather'd guest :

But when on courtly breeding bent
 Jerry to London town was sent,
 Companion of his tender age,
 Lo, Pilpay follow'd in his cage.

The knight the Indian stranger spies :
 Good-morrow, gentle bird, he cries,
 When Pilpay now no more the same
 Requites his worship with the name
 Of country putt, and more to brave
 His wrath, salutes him cuckold, knave.
 The knight amaz'd, scarce trusts his ears,
 From courteous Pilpay when he hears
 Words so unseemly and unfit ;
 When, lo, the more to shew his wit,
 And parts improv'd by London air,
 The graceless bird begins to swear :
 First in the modish dialect,
 These oaths which courtly beaus affect,
 'Fore gad, plague take it, rot me, knight,
 He lisps with air and grace polite.

Next

Next he proceeds to harsher sounds,
 Confusion ! furies ! blood and wounds !
 Damnation ! vengeance ! fire and thunder !
 And well nigh tears his throat asunder,
 The wicked bird, O dire to tell,
 Now freely gives his soul to hell,
 Now Satan from the burning lake
 He calls the worthy knight to take.
 Nor will it yet his mind content
 In oaths profane his wit to vent.
 Bent by his manners vile to shame
 The sage from whom he draws his name,
 Forgot the seemly virtues all
 Which late he practis'd at Wade-hall,
 He now his hearer to confound
 Flings from his bill impure each sound,
 With which the modest porter greets
 The damsel plying in the streets,
 Or which the damsel will not spare
 For modest porters to prepare,
 While with discordant squalls around
 A whore ! a whore ! the roofs rebound ;

In triumph now he spreads his wings,
 And with exulting note he sings
 A revelling song, at midnight hour
 That bacchanals are wont to pour,
 Sore wounding with vile phrase the ear
 Unus'd the sounds unblest to hear.

The knight stood for a-while aghast,
 But pours forth all his rage at last
 And thus exclaims; "Oons! Lady Wade,
 Fine work indeed your plans have made;
 I thought how well they would succeed,
 But you my counsels never heed.
 O simple fool, who thro' his life
 Still fondly listens to a wife!
 But I will be no more that fool.—
 O London, London, precious school,
 Whose happy influence imparts
 Politeness, grace, and courtly arts;
 This wicked and degenerate pair
 Proclaim the blessings of your air.

But

But now befits it as I live
 That of my skill some proof I give.
 Zooks I will lose my lands and name,
 But I this wicked pair will tame.
 In this vile place they shall not stay
 Another week, no not a day.
 The Western stage shall to their sorrow
 Bear them to Devon back to-morrow :
 There shall they in retirement fast,
 And inly rue their follies past,
 Till purified by country air,
 And tutor'd by my pious care,
 The graceless creatures once again
 Their wonted virtues may attain."

T H E
S I L K - W O R M.

WHERE Ganges rolls his swelling tides,
 And Indians woo their tawny brides,
 Beneath the blaze of sultry skies
 His tasks the busy silk-worm plies,
 Wondrous among the reptile line,
 There where the forest branches twine,
 The leaves of mulberry trees between
 His filken web he weaves unseen ;
 Patient of labour in the wood,
 Reckless of slumber or of food,
 Intent the slender thread to spin,
 And whilst a just renown to win

He

He frames a work that long may last,
 Careless tho' life be waſting faſt.
 Nor has the Silk-worm ſtrove in vain
 The artiſt's honours to attain.
 Within the ſilence of the grove
 By juſt degrees his ſkill has wove
 A web, that now in every part
 Appears a maſter-piece of art.
 The Indian ſwains and nymphs deſcry
 The workmanſhip with curious eye,
 The country round the wond'rous frame
 Conſpires to praiſe ; and buſy fame
 To climes that other ſtars adorn
 The little artiſt's praiſe has borne.
 Lands diſtant far the gift require,
 The artful fabric to admire.
 Among ſeleſted ſtores, the prime
 Which India from her happy clime
 Sends foreign ſhores and courts to grace,
 The Silk-worm's labours hold a place,
 And paſs with pearls and diamonds bright
 The eyes of ſtrangers to delight.

With

With wonder are the happy toils
 Seen in new lands, fair Eastern spoils.
 To praise the artiff all agree
 The Silk-worm on the mulberry-tree,
 Who spun the silent woods among
 Each beauteous line so smooth and strong.

But now remark a sudden change,
 As fabled transformations strange.
 Scarce has the busy Silk-worm wrought
 His web in woods with pains and thought,
 When now no more in shape the same,
 He hastes to take another name.
 In various colours gay array'd,
 With loftier head and wings display'd,
 Behold, the gazer to surprize,
 A sudden Butterfly arise,
 That of the Silk-worm keeps no part,
 In thought, in genius, or in art.
 The shady forest's deep retreat,
 The modest Silk-worm's sober seat,

Where

Where late he spun the beauteous line,
 May not the butterfly confine :
 Mounted on summer gales elate,
 He scorns his former narrow state,
 And roves delighted o'er the dales,
 Thro' gardens gay and flowery vales,
 Impatient 'till each meadow green
 And painted lawn his pride has seen,
 No tasks of industry he plies,
 No filken web to weave he tries,
 Whose colours fine and texture rare
 His thought inventive may declare :
 But careless, ever on the wing,
 Flutt'ring in many an idle ring,
 His thoughtless day he vainly wastes,
 While with unmeaning speed he hastes
 Thro' open lawn or shady bower
 From plant to plant, from flower to flower,
 Fame not for him her clear voice swells,
 Nor of his happy labours tells :
 That praise due to his skill and pains
 Which the just voice of nymphs and swains

Had

Had to the Silk-worm's worth supply'd,
Is to the Butterfly deny'd.

The scorn of men, of boys the gaze,
He wantons in the sun's gay blaze,
'Till the bright beams of summer past,
Rude days succeed, whose rougher blast
Sweeps the vain butterfly away
Forgotten from the face of day.

O friend, to whom my verse describes,
This wonder in the humbler tribes,
Whose eye the various parts has seen
Of human life with glance so keen,
Say, if aright the ways we scan
Of that superior creature man,
How often shall we in our kind
The copy of this picture find,
Where fate not seldom has decreed
That thoughtless folly shall succeed,
And vanity's light flutt'ring part,
To genius, industry, and art?

Thus

Thus sometimes in the letter'd throng,
 Example fit to grace my song,
 Nurtur'd on academic ground
 A son of science may be found,
 Who in his youth with early bent
 To ply the Muses' tasks intent,
 Copies exact in pains and art
 The busy Silk-worm's patient part.
 Studious a lofty verse to frame
 That may exalt his early name,
 In cloyster'd cell, retirement fit,
 Or secret grove that prompts the wit,
 Beneath the shade of classic leaves
 A filken web unseen he weaves,
 Whose curious texture may declare
 The skilful artist's happy care;
 Not is he drawn by smooth delights
 Of sprightlier days or softer nights
 The Muses' sacred bower to quit,
 Or yet his painful task remit,
 'Till the fair image of his thought
 The destin'd work be justly wrought,

That

That with the honours of the bay
 His secret labours may repay.
 Nor has he vainly in the grove
 The web of many colours wove.
 The hours of strait retirement past,
 A matchless piece appears at last,
 On which with kind regard the Nine
 Have smil'd, and blest each glowing line.
 Beyond the academic bounds
 The youthful poet's name resounds,
 Fame opes her hundred mouths to raise,
 Loud as the winds his ample praise,
 To lands remote with care is brought
 The happy offspring of his thought,
 And regions distant far conspire
 The beauteous fabric to admire.

But scarce the sacred Nine have spread
 Their garlands round their nursling's head,
 When all the humble cares disdain'd
 Which had his early honours gain'd,

The

The Silk-worm's tasks he straight forsakes
 And soon another part he takes.
 Despising now the cloyster'd cells
 And groves where modest science dwells,
 Vain of his fame and fancied worth,
 From secret shades he flutters forth
 Borne on light wing, in nice array,
 To shew himself in open day.
 Now lifted on soft flatt'ring airs
 To sprightlier scenes he straight repairs,
 And haunts the regions of the gay
 His mighty triumph to display ;
 With self-applauding looks his face
 He shews in every public place,
 Pert, petulant, and draws along
 With his light air a gazing throng.
 No more the Muses' tasks delight ;
 Thro' empty fields of air his flight
 He idly wheels, or loves to play
 Around the painted flowers of May,
 Vacant, and careless that his spring
 Hastens away on rapid wing.

Thus

Thus flutters he in showy pride,
 His modest virtues laid aside,
 'Till the fair fame of early days,
 The promise of his youth, decays,
 And genius by degrees its fires
 Withdrawing in his breast expires.
 The vain and ignorant admire
 His carriage light and gay attire,
 But men of sense with truth deride
 The empty creature's fluttering pride,
 And all the Silkworm's early fame
 Ends in the Butterfly's vain name.



F I N I S.

